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messing about in **BOATS**

Special Feature This Issue
"Arey's Pond Cat Gathering"
"A Pluvial Cruise" - "The Chinese Sail"

Volume 19 - Number 12

November 1, 2001

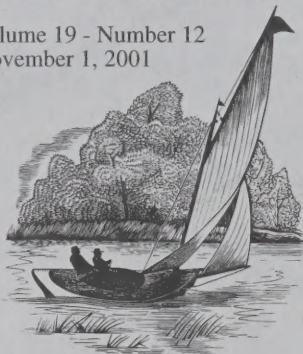


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messing about in BOATS

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Volume 19 - Number 12
November 1, 2001



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Price Increase

Bold title right up front for this issue's Commentary, as I wanted to get your attention. Yep, you saw it here first, I have to increase our subscription price effective with the January 1, 2002 issue as, after seven years at \$24, creeping inflation in our costs of doing business has finally caught up with income and I find myself coming up short as 2001 winds down.

The new price will be \$28 a year, an increase of \$4 spread over 24 issues, working out to an increase of about \$.17 per issue. For you, not a really burdensome increase, for us, when applied to some 4,500 subscriptions, a return to having enough left over after paying the printer, postal service, and production and subscription fulfillment costs, to carry on publication while enjoying our modest life style.

Our last increase, with the January 1, 1995, issue was made to face up to similarly increasing costs of doing business. At that time I decided to abandon my earlier policy of reacting to increasing costs by upping the subscription price more frequently in smaller increments and went for a \$4 increase then, from \$20 to \$24. Coupled with a low inflation rate and several fortuitous developments enabling us to reduce overall printing and production costs for a time, we have held the line for seven years. I think we did good.

This year has proven to be the cost cruncher, in January the postal service bulk rates went up again, this time by 17%. In March our printer, who does a great job for us at a very fair price, bit their own cost bullet with a 10% increase. And in May I began turning over more of the pre-printing production work to my daughter, along with the management of subscription fulfillment. I didn't pay too much attention to what these changes meant to our "bottom line" until this fall when I realized the tide was fast going out in the checkbook.

So, in order to avoid any confusion, the new rate of \$28 a year (24 issues) will take effect with any subscription or renewal which commences with the January 1, 2002 issue. This will include the annual Christmas gift subscriptions and renewals, these all start with the January 1 issue.

Just about the time I decided I had to make this move, the World Trade Center tragedy happened and the resulting stock market slide promised possible loss of consumer confidence, which could carry us all into a recession after a decade of flying high. Geez, I thought, here I am asking for more money from all of you just when this economic decline is gathering momentum. Well, I have to do it to carry on and I hope most of you who enjoy what we provide will find it still worthwhile.

I want to elaborate a bit on why I am turning more of the production and all of the subscription fulfillment work over to my daughter. It's not so I can just kick back and bask in easy money during my retirement years. It's about assuring uninterrupted publication every two weeks if and when I may suffer my first serious setback brought on by aging. Many of you have expressed concern about my health and well being and how these might effect continued publication. While I am quite healthy and free from any physical or mental disabilities, beyond gradually fading memory, hearing and eyesight, now that I am into my 70s the numbers are there.

My daughter and I have envisioned a little scenario. Old Dad has a setback, and there I am sitting in a chair (wheelchair?) unable to grind out the daily tasks I undertake, perhaps temporarily while recuperating, or at worst chronically set back. She carries on for us all, and my part becomes that of looking through a stack of potential articles to be published in each succeeding issue which she presents to me, nodding yes and no to select the contents. She can do everything I do now except decide on content, for she is not a boat nut like me with my understanding of what makes an interesting collection of content for each issue.

I feel this little magazine is a worthwhile effort, it obviously brings pleasure to all of you who support it with your subscriptions, as it does to me putting it together every couple of weeks. I have no desire to retire at all, this is too much fun still. And the income is necessary. A lifetime of self employment in marginal little publishing ventures has resulted in no retirement benefits.

Looking Ahead...

Ryerson Clark brings us his photo coverage of the Small Wooden Boat Association of Nova Scotia's summer gathering in "SWBANS at Mahone Bay"; and Monte Rhodes has some upside down views from the Padre Island, Texas "Surf Fest 2001".

John Conway has a Halloween tale for us in "Encounter in Tarpaulin Cove"; Chuck Durgin chronicles his summer Sea Pearl cruise in "Journey on the St. Lawrence"; Ted Cary checks in from his trans-Pacific cruise with "Greetings from Bora Bora"; Jim Thayer continues his reports on sailing in the high western desert country in "Starvation"; and Harold Taylor's "Waterlogged" series continues with "Songo Locks, and "Barnswallow".

Gary Shores begins a short series on building his dream boat in "Gary, Ann & Grendel"; and Tom McGrath returns with an illustrated look at boatbuilding in "A Barn or a Boat".

We learn what's "New from Nauticraft"; and will try to get Weston Farmer's tough little "Mini Max" design into print; Dennis Davis continues on with part 9 of his "Back to the Drawing Board" series; and Phil Bolger & Friends present their "Mountain Boat Wolfpack"

Craig O'Donnell concludes Brian Platt's essay on "The Chinese Sail"; Mark Fisher explains his delight with a new GPS in "New Toy"; and Robb White discusses "Navigation Instruments Through the Ages".

On the Cover...

A pair of Arey's Pond 14 catboats racing neck and neck at the Annual Arey's Pond Cat Gathering on Cape Cod's Pleasant Bay. More photos and a story are featured in this issue.

ADVERTISEMENT

NEW BOAT – NEW METHOD

Gypsy's Poke

Away back in 1967, after struggling to build my first boat (*Blue-J*), I started the International Amateur Boat Building Society and published *Amateur Boat Building* magazine. I turned this over to new owners some five years later and it went under. During that time, and in the years that have followed, I have made some general observations about amateur boat builders: 1. They bite off more than they can chew; 2. The project takes much longer than they anticipate; 3. The boat always costs more than they think; 4. They do more dreaming than boating; and 5. They look for quick-and-easy building methods that seldom do as promised.

In short, they wind up dreaming, not *having*.

So I have developed a little boat (you can build a big one later) that will enable the average person to build a boat without much skill, at the lowest cost, in the shortest time, and have a boat that will give many uses. I set a list of parameters that I think are important:

1. It must be easy to build. No demanding details and no special tools and materials. No complicated building forms and jigs. It should be buildable in a one-car garage so you can do your work at night and in bad weather.
2. It should be buildable in 40 hours or less.
3. It should have options and the flexibility to suit the needs and desires of the builder.
4. It must be safe for use in inland waters (where most boats are used) and still be able to take some rough conditions. And it must be unsinkable as required by USCG regulations.
5. It should provide a variety of uses such as fishing, day trips, and camping out for short periods.
6. It should have a fair turn of speed when needed and good fuel economy and cruising range (at least enough fuel so that you don't have to gas up every time you go out).

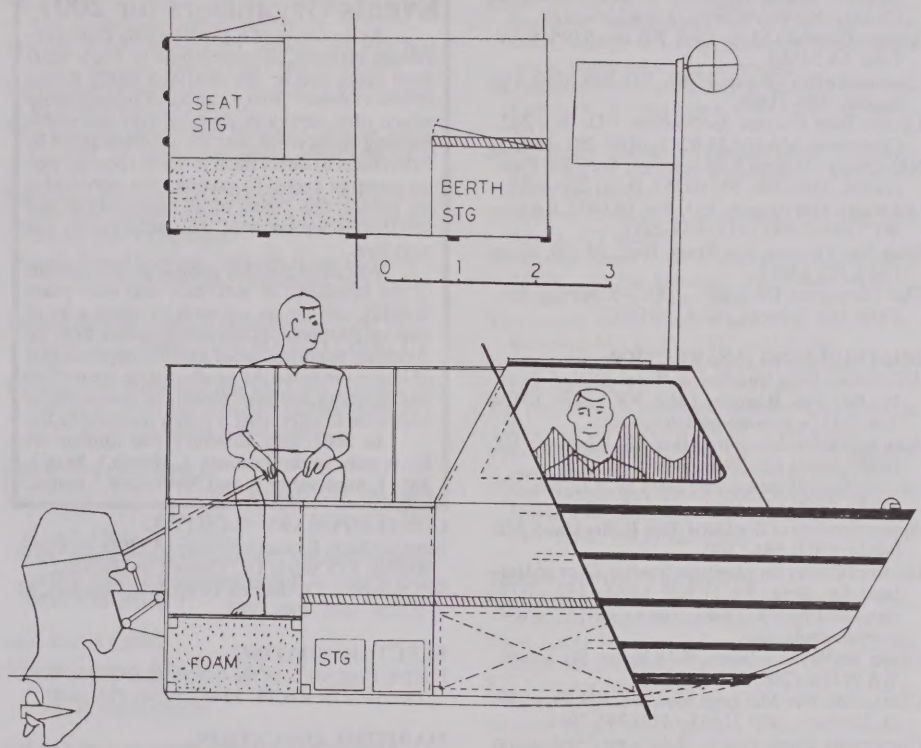
Welcome to Gypsy's Poke (GP-10)

Gypsies travel a lot, mostly in small wagons, and they carry their essentials in a small sack called a poke.

GP is 10' long by 5' beam. It is mostly 1/4" plywood, but with 1/2" bow and transom. Because interior space is limited, **most of the structural framework is on the outside.**

There are two 6' berths under which are the essentials, storage, head, fuel, and galley. In the cockpit, we have two 3'6" seats with more storage and battery.

A 15hp outboard on a bracket should give speed to 25 mph. Or just use 5hp or 9.9hp for putt-putting around. You steer from the cockpit with a tiller extension. (Plus, a HelmsMate extension pulls out to 53" so you can steer from inside the cabin in bad weather.) With the optional 26-gallon tank, range is about 500 miles. (A 6-gallon tank may be placed under the cockpit seat if you don't envision long trips.) The larger tank is RDS model 244535, \$189 from West Marine. The Garelick outboard bracket (lift and lower with a handle) is \$140.



The boat requires eight 1/4" plywood sheets and one sheet of 1/2" plus some 1x2 strips and 1" half-round for the exterior rubrail reinforcement. The mast is wood "closet pole" from the lumberyard. This supports a large colored flag and a radar reflector. Safety first! The mast is secured with a hanger bolt and is easy to remove.

About the Building Method

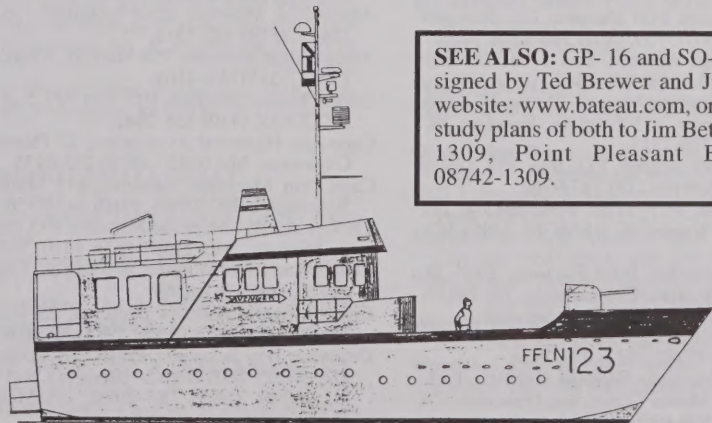
There are no frames. The bow and stem transoms and two bulkheads shape the hull. There are four longitudinal rubrails and five runners on the bottom. The hull sides and the forward part of the bottom are bent to form a strong monocoque structure. The hull sides are

bent to shape on a simple form and the rubrails are screwed and glued in place to hold the shape. The curved part of the bottom is easily formed by sawing the plywood into strips. The runners cover the outside and the inside seams are fiberglassed.

With a 25hp motor, the total boat weight is about 300 pounds, plus fuel and two adults (and I think that's all you can stand on a 10-footer)!

Thanks for your time. If you are interested, the building plans are just \$5. (Make it \$7 in Canada and do send Canadian currency, not checks, or send Postal Money Order. Overseas is \$8 including Air Mail postage.)

Jim Betts, Designer



If GP-10 is too small, here's my ship for a client who is tired of fake trawlers and such and wants to take a paramilitary direction. It is 57', done in steel and aluminum and sleeps (gasp!) 20. The "gun" on the foredeck is re-

ally just a doghouse to the forward area and the barrel is just a support for an awning (but ain't it mean looking)! We call it a ship for the French Foreign Legion Navy. He is looking for crew if you're interested.

SEE ALSO: GP- 16 and SO-DU-IT. Designed by Ted Brewer and Jim Betts on website: www.bateau.com, or send \$5 for study plans of both to Jim Betts, P.O. Box 1309, Point Pleasant Beach, NJ 08742-1309.

ANTIQUE & CLASSIC BOATING

Antique and Classic Boat Society, Inc., 422 James Street, Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-BOAT (2628), <hqs@acbs.org>, <www.acbs.org>
Antique Outboard Motor Club, RR Box 9195, Spirit Lake, IA 51360.
Chesapeake Bay Chapter ACBS, P.O. Box 6780, Annapolis, MD 21401.
Lawley Boat Owners Association, P.O. Box 242, Gloucester, MA 01931-0242, (978) 281-4440.
N.E. Chapter Antique & Classic Boat Soc., 140 Powers Rd., Meredith, NH 03253, (603) 279-4654.
Old Boats, Old Friends, P.O. Box 081400, Racine, WI 53408-1400, (414) 634-2351.
Penn Yan Owners, c/o Bruce Hall, Rt. 90, King Ferry, NY 13081.
The Thompson Dockside, 10061 Riverside Dr., PMB 143, Toluca Lake, CA 91602.

BOATBUILDING INSTRUCTION

Adirondack Boat Building & Water Skills School, PO Box 146, Raquette Lake, NY 13436, (315) 354-5311, <sagamore@telenet.net>
Adirondack Guideboat Inc., Box 144, Charlotte, VT 05445, (802) 425-3926.
Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-4104.
Apprenticeship of Rockland, Box B, Rockland, ME 04841, (207) 594-1800.
Bayfront Center for Maritime Studies, Foot of Holland St., Erie, PA 16507, (814) 456-4077, <eriesailing@hotmail.com>, <http://www.goerie.com/bcms>
Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109, (206) 382-2628.
Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663, (410) 745-2916.
Chesapeake Boats Bayou, Baltimore, Washington & Annapolis, (410) 903-4284, <www.chesapeakeboatsbayou.ckt1.com>
CT River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (860) 388-2343.
Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036, (212) 564-5412.
Glenmar Community Sailing Center, c/o Back River Recreation Council, 8501 La Salle Rd. Suite 211, Towson, MD 21286, (410) 252-9324.
John Gardner School of Boatbuilding, Box 2967, Annapolis, MD 21404, (410) 867-0042.
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.
International Yacht Restoration School, 28 Church St., Newport, RI 02840, (401) 849-3060.
Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3 Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491, (802) 475-2022.
Lowell's Boatshop 495 Main St., Amesbury, MA 01913, (978) 388-0162.
Marietta (Ohio) Rowing & Cycling Club, P.O. Box 1081, Marietta, OH 45750, (740) 374-6997.
Mariners' Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23607-3759, (804) 596-2222.
Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685, (616) 946-2647.
North Carolina Maritime Museum, Harvey W. Smith Watercraft Center, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516, (919) 728-7317.
North House Folk School, P.O. Box 759, Grand Marais, MN 55604, (218) 387-9762.
Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding, 251 Otto St., Port Townsend, WA 98368, (206) 385-4948.
Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory, 2045 W. Moyamensing Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19145, (215) 755-2400, <pwbf@libertynet.org>
RiversWest Small Craft Center, P.O. Box 82686, Portland, OR 97282, (503) 236-2926.
San Francisco Maritime National Historic Park, Bldg. E, Fort Mason Center, San Francisco, CA 94123, (415) 929-0202.
South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038, (212) 748-8600.
Washington County Technical College, RR1 Box 22C, River Rd., Calais, ME 04619, (207) 454-1000.
Wooden Boat School, P.O. Box 78, Brooklin, ME 04616, (207) 359-4651.
Wooden Boat Workshop of Door Cty., 4865 Court Rd., Egg Harbor, WI 54209, (920) 868-3955.

Directory of Activities & Events Organizers for 2001

As the center of a small boating communications network, *Messing About in Boats* hears from many people. We receive a steady stream of news releases from a variety of organizations which offer activities ranging over the whole messing about scene, and we are often asked by individuals to direct them to some special interest group or event. To expedite this networking we publish this listing of all organizations and individuals we know of who offer events and activities.

We cannot possibly publish announcements of the hundreds of activities that take place monthly, and we do not wish to spend a lot of time on the phone or answering letters from individuals inquiring about specific opportunities of interest to them. As an alternative we publish this directory and urge readers to contact those who seem to offer what it is they are looking for.

In 2001, this directory will appear six times only, in the January 1, March 1, May 1, July 1, September 1, and November 1 issues.

CONTEMPORARY YACHTING

Amateur Yacht Research Society (AYRS), c/o Frank Bailey, 415 Shady Dr., Grove City, PA 16127.
Sail Newport, 53 America's Cup Ave., Newport, RI 02840, (401) 846-1983.

ELECTRIC BOATING

Electric Boat Ass'n. of the Americas, P.O. Box 4151, Deerfield Beach, FL 33442, (954) 725-0640.

MARITIME EDUCATION

Duxbury Bay Maritime School, Box 263, Snug Harbor Sta., Duxbury, MA 02331, (781) 934-7555.
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.
Lake Schooner Education Association, Ltd., 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202.
Nova Scotia Sea School, 1644 Walnut St., Halifax, NS B3H 3S4, (902) 492-4127.
The River School, 203 Ferry Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (860) 388-2007.
Sea Education Association, Inc., P.O. Box 6, Woods Hole, MA 02543, (508) 540-3954.
Wisconsin Lake Schooner Education Association, Milwaukee Maritime Cntr., 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202, (414) 276-7700.
Wooden Boat Foundation, Cupola House, #2 Point Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368.

MARITIME MUSEUMS

(Maritime Museum News, PO Box 607, Groton, MA 01450-0607, specializes in this field of interest).
Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, NY 12812, (518) 352-7311.
Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-4104.
Calvert Marine Museum, P.O. Box 987, Solomons, MD 20688, (410) 326-2042.
Cape Ann Historical Association, 27 Pleasant St., Gloucester, MA 01930, (978) 283-0455.
Cape Fear Maritime Museum, 814 Market St., Wilmington, NC 28401, (910) 341-4350.
Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663-0636, (410) 745-2916.
Connecticut River Museum, 67 Main St., Essex, CT 06426, (860) 767-8269.
Custom House Maritime Museum, 25 Water St., Newburyport, MA 01950, (978) 462-8681.
Delaware Bay Schooner Project (Schooner A.J. Meerwald), 2800 High St. (Bivalve), Port Norris, NJ 08349, (609) 785-2060, <AJMeerwald@juno.com>
Erie Canal Museum, 318 Erie Blvd. E., Syracuse, NY 13202, (315) 471-0593.
Essex Shipbuilding Museum, Box 277, Essex, MA 01929, (978) 768-7541.
Galveston & Trinity Bay Marine Museum, P.O. Box 641, Bacliff, TX 77518, (281) 559-1092, <www.scowschooner.org>
Gloucester Adventure, P.O. Box 1306, Gloucester, MA 01930-1306.

Havre de Grace Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 533, Havre de Grace, MD 21078.
Herreshoff Marine Museum, 7 Burnside St., P.O. Box 450, Bristol, RI 02809, (401) 253-5000.
Hudson River Maritime Museum, 1 Rondout Landing, Kingston, NY 12401, (914) 338-0071.
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.
Independence Seaport Museum, Penns Landing, 211 S. Columbus Blvd, Philadelphia, PA 19106-1415, (215) 925-5439.
Inland Seas Maritime Museum, 4890 Main St., Vermillion, OH 44089.
Iowa Great Lakes Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 726, 243 W. Broadway, Arnolds Park, IA 51331, (712) 332-5264, <captainsteve@ncn.net>, <www.okobojimuseum.org>
Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3, Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491, (802) 475-2022.
Lighthouse Preservation Society, P.O. Box 736, Rockport, MA 01966, (978) 281-6336.
Long Island Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 184, W. Sayville, NY 11796, (516) 854-4974.
Maine Maritime Museum, 243 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530, (207) 443-1316.
Marblehead Dory & Schooner Museum, Gary Kissal, Curator, 5 Bessom St. #101, Marblehead, MA 01945, (781) 631-2567, <jmorgan@marblehead.com>
Marine Museum of Upper Canada, c/o The Toronto Historical Board, 205 Yonge St., Toronto, ON M5B 1N2, Canada, (416) 392-1765.
Marine Museum of Fall River, Battleship Cove, Fall River, MA 02720, (508) 674-3533.
Mariners Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23606-3759, (757) 596-2222.
Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685, (616) 946-2647.
Maritime & Yachting Museum, P.O. Box 1448, Treasure Coast Mall, U.S. Rt. 1 @ Jensen Beach Blvd, Stuart, FL 34995.
Milwaukee Lake Schooner Inc., P.O. Box 291, Milwaukee, WI 53201-0291, (414) 276-5664.
Mystic Seaport Museum, P.O. Box 6000, Mystic, CT 06355-0900, (860) 572-5315.
New Bedford Whaling Museum, New Bedford, MA, (508) 997-0046.
Newburyport Maritime Museum, 25 Water St. Newburyport, MA 01950.
North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516, (919) 728-7317.
Osterville Hist. Soc. & Mus., 155 W. Bay Rd., PO Box 3, Osterville, MA 02655, (508) 428-5861.
Peabody-Essex Museum, 161 Essex St. Salem, MA 01970, (978) 745-9500.
Penobscot Marine Museum, 5 Church St., Searsport, ME 04974, (207) 548-2529.
Plimoth Plantation, Plymouth, MA, (508) 746-1662.
James B. Richardson Maritime Museum, 401 High St., Cambridge, MD 21613.
San Diego Maritime Museum, 1306 N. Harbor Dr., San Diego, CA 92101, (919) 234-9153.
South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038, (212) 748-8600.
Strawbery Banke Museum, P.O. Box 300, Portsmouth, NH 03802, (603) 433-1100.
Toms River Maritime Museum, Water St. & Hooper Ave., P.O. Box 1111, Toms River, NJ 08754, (732) 349-9209.
United States Naval & Shipbuilding Museum, 739 Wash. St., Quincy, MA 02169, (617) 479-7900.
USS Constitution Museum, Box 1812, Boston, MA 02129, (617) 426-1812.
Ventura County Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave., Oxnard, CA 93035, (805) 984-6260.
Wisconsin Lake Schooner, 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53201.

MODEL BOATING

Cape Ann Ship Modelers Guild, R57 Washington St., Gloucester, MA 01930.
Downeast Ship Modelers' Guild, Roy Wheeler, 295 Washington St. Bath, ME 04530, (207) 442-0097.
Model Guild of the Ventura City Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave., Oxnard, CA 93035 (805) 984-6260.
North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516, (919) 728-7317.

Ship Modelers Association of Southern California, 2083 Reynosa Dr., Torrance, CA 90501. (310) 326-5177.

U.S.S. Constitution Model Shipwright Guild, c/o George Kaiser, 23 Mermaid Ave., Winthrop, MA 02152-1122. (617) 846-3427.

U.S. Vintage Model Yacht Group, c/o John Snow, 78 E. Orchard St., Marblehead, MA 01945, (781) 631-4203.

ONE DESIGN SAILING

Albacore One-Design Class, c/o Peter Duncan, 550M Ritchie Hwy. #144, Severna Park, MD 21146. (410) 431-05480; e-mail sailfaster@aol.com; website <http://www.my-town.com/sailing>.

American Canoe Assoc. Canoe Sailing, 2210 Finland Rd., Green Lane, PA 18054. (215) 453-9084. Bridges Point 24 Assoc., c/o Kent Mulliken, 101 Windsor Pl., Chapel Hill, NC, (919) 929-1946.

Cape Cod Frosty Association, P.O. Box 652, Cataumet, MA 02534. (508) 771-5218.

Hampton One-Design, c/o Scott Wolff, 3385 Kings Neck Dr., Virginia Beach, VA 23452. (757) 463-6895.

New England Beetle Cat Boat Assoc., c/o Wells Pile, 476 Wayland Ave., Providence, RI 02906. (401) 255-3430. <wmpile@excite.com> <www.beetlecat.org>.

San Francisco Pelican Viking Fleet III, P.O. Box 55142, Shoreline, WA 98155-0142, email: <jgosse@juno.com>

Sparkman & Stevens Association, NE Area, 54 Chauncy Creek Rd., Kittery Point, ME 03905.

West Wight Potter's Assoc., Southern California Chapter, c/o Bill Beddow, 1333 Corby Ave., Norwalk, CA 90650

PADDLING

ACA New England Division, c/o Earle Roberts, 785 Bow Ln., Middletown, CT 06457.

Houston Canoe Club, P.O. Box 925516, Houston, TX 77292-5516. (713) 467-8857.

Hulbert Outdoor Center, RR1 Box 91A, Fairlee, VT 05045-9719. (802) 333-3405.

Kahakai Outrigger Canoe Club, P.O. Box 134, Seal Beach, CA 90740.

Maine Canoe Symposium, c/o Jerry Kocher, 41 Leighton Rd., Wellesley, MA 02181. (617) 237-1956.

Metropolitan Canoe & Kayak Club, PO Box 021868, Brooklyn, NY 11202, (914) 634-9466.

New England Canoe Racing Association, 102 Snipsic Lake Rd., Ellington, CT 06039. (860) 872-6375.

Rhode Island Canoe Association, 856 Danielson Pike, Scituate, RI 02857. (401) 647-2293.

Riverways Programs, Massachusetts Dept. of Fisheries, Wildlife & Environmental Law Enforcement, 100 Cambridge St. Room 1901, Boston, MA 02202, (617) 727-1614 XT360.

Sebago Canoe Club, Paerdegat Basin, Foot of Ave. N, Brooklyn, NY 11226. (718) 241-3683.

Washington Canoe Club, 8522 60th Pl., Berwyn Heights, MD 20740.

Wooden Canoe Heritage Association, PO Box 226, Blue Mt. Lake, NY 12812 <wcha@wcha.org> www.wcha.org

ROWING

Amoskeag Rowing Club, 30 Mechanic St., Manchester, NH 03101, (603) 668-2130.

Beaufort Oars, P.O. Box 941, Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-3156.

Cape Ann Rowing Club, P.O. Box 1715, Gloucester, MA 01930, (978) 283-4695.

Cape Cod Viking Rowing Club, c/o Jeff McLaughlin, 121 Sheffield Rd., Brewster, MA 02631, (508) 896-5363, <www.c4.net/viking>.

Conn. River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2343.

East River Crew, c/o Tori Gilbert, 22 E. 89th St., New York, NY 10128.

Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036. (212) 564-5412.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.

Lowell's Boatshop 495 Main St., Amesbury, MA 01913. (978) 388-0162

Maine Rowing Assoc., c/o Reg Hudson, P.O. Box 419, Southwest Harbor, ME 04679.

Marietta (Ohio) Rowing & Cycling Club, P.O. Box 1081, Marietta, OH 45750, (740) 374-6997.

Narragansett Boat Club, P.O. Box 2413, Providence, RI 02906. (401) 272-1838.

New England Open Water Rowing Calendar, Frank Durham, 70 Hayden Rd., Hollis, NH 03049, (603) 465-7920.

Piscataqua Rowing Club, Prescott Park, Portsmouth, NH, c/o Mike Gowell, (207) 439-0886, or Jeff Taylor, (603) 228-4614.

Ring's Island Rowing Club, c/o Alice Twombly, 91 Seven Star Rd., Groveland, MA 01834, (978) 373-7816.

Saquis Rowing club, c/o Mike Jenness, 2142 Washington St., E. Bridgewater, MA 02333, (508) 378-9986

Whaling City Rowing Club, c/o Lucy Iannotti, 57 Arnold St., New Bedford, MA 02740, (508) 993-8537, email: <kiresilk@msn.com>

SAFETY EDUCATION

U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary Flotilla 403, c/o Gary Cordette, 315 Paradise Rd., Swampscott, MA 01907. (781) 282-4580.

United States Power Squadrons, National Boating Safety Hotline for course details in your area is (800) 336-BOAT.

SEA KAYAKING

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker, P.O. Box 520, Ipswich, MA 01938, lists all sea kayaking activities that come to our attention..

SMALL BOAT MESSABOUT SOCIETIES

Baywood Navy, 2nd St. Pier, Baywood Park, CA 93402.

Intermountain Small Boat Whatever (Unorganized), Jim Thayer, Rt. 1 Box 75, Collbran, CO 81624, (970) 487-3088.

Midwest Homebuilt Messabouts, Jim Michalak, 118 E. Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254.

"Scuzbums" (Southern California Small Boat Messabout Society), 4048 Mt. Acadia Blvd, San Diego CA 92111, (858) 569-5277, Annie Kolls <Scuzbum@aol.com>

West Coast Trailer Sailing Squadron, c/o Ron Hoddinott, 12492 104th Ave. N., Largo, FL 33778, (727) 391-7927.

STEAMBOATING

International Steamboat Muster, c/o Jean DeWitt, P.O. Box 40341, Providence, RI 02940. (401) 729-6130.

New England Steamship Foundation, 63 Union St., New Bedford, MA 02740. (508) 999-1925.

New England Wireless & Steam Museum, 1300 Frenchtown Rd., E. Greenwich, RI 02818, (401) 884-1710.

Steamship Historical Soc. of America, 300 Ray Dr., Suite #4, Providence, RI 02906. (401) 274-0805.

TRADITIONAL SMALL CRAFT

Barnegat Bay TSCA, c/o Tom Johns, 195 Shenandoah Blvd. Toms River, NJ 08753. (908) 270-6786.

Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109. (206) 382-2628.

Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06575. (860) 388-2007, (860) 388-2007.

Delaware Valley TSCA, 482 Almond Rd., Pittsgrove, NJ 08318.

Friends of the North Carolina Maritime Museum TSCA, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.

Long Island TSCA, c/o Myron Young, Box 635, Laurel, NY 11948. (516) 298-4512.

Oregon TSCA, c/o Robert Young, 16612 Maple Cir., Lake Oswego, OR 97034. (503) 636-7344.

Patuxent Small Craft Guild, c/o Calvert Marine Museum, P.O. Box 97, Solomons, MD 20688. (410) 326-2042.

Potomac TSCA, c/o Bob Grove, 419 N. Patrick St., Alexandria, VA 22314. (703) 549-6746 eves.

Puget Sound TSCA, c/o Larry Feeney, 59 Strawberry Pt., Bellingham, WA 98226. (360) 733-4461. email: <clarry@cedarcroft-press.com> [www: http://www.tscanet.net/puget/](http://www.tscanet.net/puget/).

Sacramento TSCA, c/o Robert T. Ratcliff, 2861 San Carlos Dr., Walnut Creek, CA 94598. (925) 939-4073.

South Jersey TSCA, c/o George Loos, 53 Beaver Dam Rd., Cape May Courthouse, NJ 08210. (609) 861-0018.

Traditional Small Craft Association, P.O. Box 350, Mystic, CT 06355.

Traditional Small Craft & Rowing Association of Maine, c/o Jim Bauman, RR 1 Box 1038, S. China, ME. (207) 445-3004.

Traditional Small Craft Club, P.O. Box 87, N. Billerica, MA 01862. (978) 663-3103.

Tri State TSCA, c/o Ron Gryn, 4 Goldeneye Ct., New Britain, PA 18901. (215) 348-9433.

TSCA of W Mich, c/o Mark Steffens, 6033 Bonanza Dr., Stevensville, MI 49127. (616) 429-5487.

Upper Chesapeake Baymen TSCA, 3125 Clearview Ave., Baltimore, MD 21234. (410) 254-7957.

Upper Mississippi Small Craft Association, c/o David Christofferson, 267 Goodhue, St. Paul, MN 55102. (612) 222-0261.

TRADITIONAL YACHTING

Friendship Sloop Society, 14 Paulson Dr., Burlington, MA 01803-2820, (781) 272-9658.

Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Soc., 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145, (216) 871-8194.

S.S. Crocker Association, 8 Lane's End, Ipswich, MA 01938. (978) 356-3065.

Wooden Boat Classic Regatta Series, 323 Boston Post Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (203) 388-6657.

TUGBOATING

International Retired Tugboat Association, c/o N.A. Foraker, 250 N. 50th, Longview, WA 98632. (360) 423-4223, <tugsme@aol.com>

Tugboat Enthusiasts Society of the Americas, 308 Quince St., Mt. Pleasant, SC 29464.

World Ship Society, P.O. Box 72, Watertown, MA 02172-0072.

WATERCYCLING

International Watercycle Assoc., 265 Santa Helena, Suite 110, Solana Beach, CA 92075-1538.

WATER TRAILS

Maine Island Trail Association, P.O. Box C, Rockland, ME 04841. (207) 596-6456.

North American Water Trails, Inc., 24130 NW Johnson Rd., Poulsbo, WA 98370.

Washington Water Trails Association, 4649 Sunnyside Ave. N. Rm. 345, Seattle, WA 98103-6900. (206) 545-9161.

WOODEN BOATS

Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109.

Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Soc., 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145, (216) 871-8194.


Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.

Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.

Small Wooden Boat Assoc. of Nova Scotia, P.O. Box 1193, Dartmouth, NS B2Y 4B8, Canada.

Wooden Boat Found., Cupola House, 2 Pte. Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368, (360) 385-3628.

Wooden Canoe Builders' Guild, P.O. Box 247, Carlisle, ON L0R 1H0, Canada, (819) 422-3456.



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Labor Day a Landmark Event

I'm still working in the sawlog woods. I did take Labor Day off and, though it was too calm to sail, I messed around as hard as I could with the skiff between thunderstorms (which, they got wind, but I don't use it if I don't have to). Labor Day is a milestone event over on Dog's Island. Everybody and his fool relatives always show up. I never saw so many boats on the bayside. All the thunderstorms were blowing out of the west this time and though we are the furthest west house in our cove and didn't get to see the boat parade drag by in front there was a regular dammit nest of lost boats down to the east.

What I like though is a south wind to clean up the whole cove and take all those half anchored boats to the mainland. Capt. Whaley likes it too. Just as soon as a south blowing storm gets past, you can see his boat loom out of the curtain of rain... idling and waiting to give somebody a ride to try to find his boat... \$65 minimum...one way.

The reason it is a landmark event is that when Labor Day is over, ain't nobody over there from then until spring. I don't understand it... must be football. The fall and winter is the best time at the coast around here on the Gulf. It ain't too cold most of the time and there is usually a good little predictable sailing breeze. It would actually be possible to live over there with only a sailboat for transportation.

Back when we used to sail to the Bahamas every summer, that's what we did... worked good. We tried to time getting back right about Labor Day and just used the sailboat to get back and forth from then on. Now the little town at the mouth of the river (Carrabelle... Crooked River) has somehow attracted all the bureaucrats, lobbyists, and politicians from Tallahassee and a po' man can't afford to tie up there anymore. Oh well, at least there is football.

You know, I believe that all true obsessions have to start when you are young enough to fool yourself into believing that there is some point to it. Sailing was transportation to my mother and father during the depression (*Our Virgin Island*, RW, Doubleday, 1953) and I couldn't help but think that must be the way things ought to be. I don't like to sail just to be sailing. I got to feel like I got someplace I need to go or I lose interest in it. The stories in the magazine by those messers who write about how they circumnavigated some island or peninsula or went through the Everglades or down some river or something are much more interesting than just when one went sailing out and back... unless they were racing.

Robb White, Thomasville, GA

Information of Interest...

Row, Row, Row Your Boat

Small boat folks in the San Francisco Bay area will now have a seasonally enjoyable place to go free of motorboat hassles if they consult the San Francisco Giants schedule of home games, according to the following news item:

"Fans now will have to row their boats to fish for Barry Bonds home runs in McCovey Cove. The San Francisco Port Commission decided to limit the use of motorboats in the water beyond the wall of the San Francisco Giants' Pacific Bell Park. The unanimous vote came after a woman and her young son had a run-in with a motor boat while reaching for a Bonds homer.

Those hoping to pluck a baseball from the water will have to make their way through the Bay in kayaks and other non-motorized craft. People will be allowed in motor boats as long as the motors are not turned on."

Joe Dittler, San Diego, CA

Models Built to Order

I am in the process of reaching retirement by working less hours for others. But, I do not see myself as being completely retired so I am advertising (see Classifieds) that I will build model boats from kits or plans. I also do repairs and restorations.

I am a member of the Nautical Research Guild and years ago they set up, as part of their web site, a service making it possible for those seeking someone to repair and restore model boats being able to contact those willing to do so. Like me!

I have just completed repairs to a model of the USCGC *Massachusetts* and am about finished with repairs to a *Charles W. Morgan*. Awaiting is a model of a three masted schooner, not identified as any particular ship. Write for more info.

As you said in your Commentary in the September 1 issue, "I always viewed retirement as an escape from employment one does not love." Amen to that!

John T. Sarhage, Sr., 24 Canterbury Ct., Piscataway, NJ 08854.

Opinions...

Hates Building Wooden Boats

I really hate building wooden boats! Nothing is plumb and nothing is square and everything requires an enormous amount of sanding and 10-20 coats of fiberglass and paint before it looks presentable.

Aluminum is my favorite boatbuilding material, hands down! However, I would like to own an Ocean Pacific sit-on-top kayak like the Scupper Pro or even a Scrambler, but I don't have an extra \$600-\$700.

I have been scrutinizing the pages of *MAIB* for the past few years but don't remember seeing a single set of plans for a sit-on-top, or even a learned discussion of the design issues involved.

Is there some sort of subtle discrimination involved here? Some sort of dry fanny vs. wet fanny issue? It seems to me that those designers who are willing to put a sail and rudder on a refrigerator crate shouldn't balk at drawing a set of plans for a nice sized sit-on-top kayak.

John Parks, Sacramento, CA

Editor Comments: I have not seen any building plans info on sit-on-tops, has anyone else?

Don't Miss the Boat

"Every man's a would be sportsman, in the dreams of his intent, a potential out of doors man when his thoughts are pleasure bent. But he mostly puts the ideas off, for the things that must be done, and doesn't get his outing till his outing days are gone. So in hurry, scurry, worry, work, his living days are spent, and he does his final camping under a cemetery tent."

(Robert Service)

Jim Betts, Point Pleasant Beach, NJ

Projects...

Adding a Few Years to Our Lives

When I retired in 1990 friend Dutch and I built this little boat pictured and sailed together. Not exactly as Dynamite had designed her, but close. It is my aim to add a few more years to our lives by doing it again in a boat easier on our arthritic bodies.

We have sailable waters at Lake Siskeyou (windy), Greenhorn Reservoir in Yucha, Copco and Iron Gate lakes on the dammed Klamath River.

Joe Raymaker, Montague, CA



I'm Ready

I am requesting a copy of the Weston Farmer Dolly Varden article. I've just finished building my third boat and am naturally now looking around for the next. So far I have built a Platt Monfort canoe, a sliding seat Whisp and a Solway Fisher sailing dinghy. I am ready for any weather, season or mood.

Mike Wick, Moorestown, NJ.

Justification for Home Building

I have done some lengthy beach cruising over the last dozen years, the last three with Sarah (my 13 year old daughter) in a very slick, home made Bolger Wisp. We decided that we needed a larger boat with an outboard, bigger cockpit, enclosed cabin, fast to build. Camping beaches are sometimes hard to find, Lake Superior and Michigan are not the best place to cruise an open boat (we have, with care) and I am tired of rowing long distances. So it was decided that the Wish II (from 30 *Odd Boats*) modified for two persons was the right size and shape and it was not too hard to vary the layout for two and fit an out board in the rear well. I am a Bolger fan and this is the

third (and largest yet) of his designs that I have taken on.

The building went fast, about 300 hours over 2-1/2 months. We rushed some and did not do as slick a job as is possible with more time. But the boat is mostly done even though we ran out of money and could not get a trailer or outboard this year. It will sit over winter and be put in next summer.

The idea about plywood being fast is true and that was important as Sarah is now 13. The assertion that plywood is inexpensive is not true, even though we used the cheap plywood. The cost of resins, glass, framing wood, spar wood, sails, anchors, fittings far overwhelms the plywood cost. I could have bought a used 22' fiberglass trailer boat for about what I have in this, but that isn't the boat we wanted at all! If time was not important I would have saved for and spent the extra money for expensive plywood and put about 150 more hours into the construction. We then would have a boat that is just like the one I have now, but without the blemishes.

If there is any justification in doing a home built, it is in the building (which is fascinating) and being able to get a boat with everything where you want it. It does save considerably over a new boat purchase, but loses in price to a bargain used craft.

We talked about this boat for some time and built a construction model before deciding to put it together. Plywood is quickest to build and Bolger sharpies are great performers. The leeboards do not detract from the appearance when you get used to them, not to mention clearing the cabin and making the hull stronger. The front and aft wells are essential for storage and access and everything that is in the boat we want (for example, we decided to take our cats so we were able to put in a secure, dedicated place for a cat box), and nothing is there that we don't want.

Most boats built have stories which can be traced back through years of threads of influences, experience, aesthetics and bias, much of which is boring to others. Personal boat building stories can be even more boring. We have decided that if anything ever gets told on how we built our boat, a list of mistakes corrected or lived with would be sufficient.

Jim (and Sarah) Caldwell, Middleton, WI



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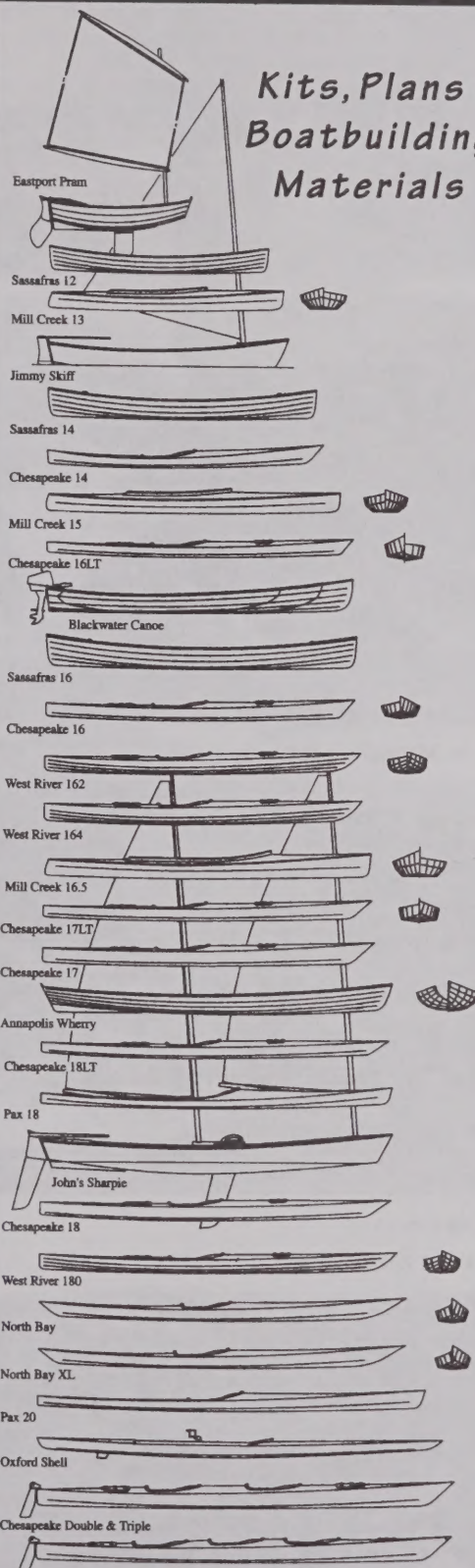
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CHESAPEAKE LIGHT CRAFT



9th Annual Arey's Pond Cat Gathering

By Tony Davis

On August 18th we held our 9th annual gathering. We had a great turnout, over 60 boats registered and 52 finished. We had a steady 12 knots from the west southwest and skies were clear.

There were several different classes of boats which featured some exciting racing. Eight of the new Arey's 16' Lynx's were sailing, which is a growing class here on the Bay. The Handy Cats and the Classic Cats were neck and neck, sailed competitively by seasoned Pleasant Bay sailors. And the Crosby Fast Cat, a sleeper in years past, was sailed very well this year for a third place finish. The Marshall 18s once again had a competitive race but no one could catch Walter McClennen's *Cawa Cat*. *Cawa Cat* hit the start line at the cannon and never looked back.

For the first time in a few years the Arey's 14 class had a new name, Palmer Sparkman, in the winner's circle. He was followed closely by last years winners Debbie Saliba with her daughters as crew.

The traditional Woodenboat Class included a race between two Baybirds sailed by Tim Macort and Nat Hammatt. A Wianno Senior sailed by Bruce Hammatt, and a Spaulding Dunbar Monomoy sailed by Alan McClennen, had their own race. It was possibly the first time these different designs ever match raced. It was Spaulding Dunbar's intention to replace the Wianno fleet in Nantucket with his Monomoy design. In issue #161 of *WoodenBoat* magazine, Dunbar's designs are discussed, including the re-building of Alan McClennen's Monomoy *Old Ghost*, which won the race by a couple of minutes. *Old Ghost* set the best overall time for the 4 mile plus course.

A total of \$650 was raised to benefit the Friends of Pleasant Bay.

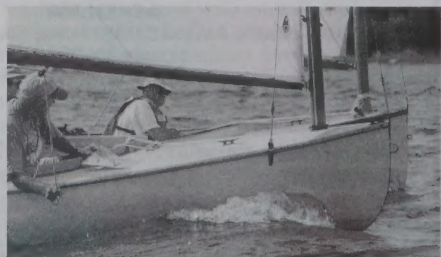
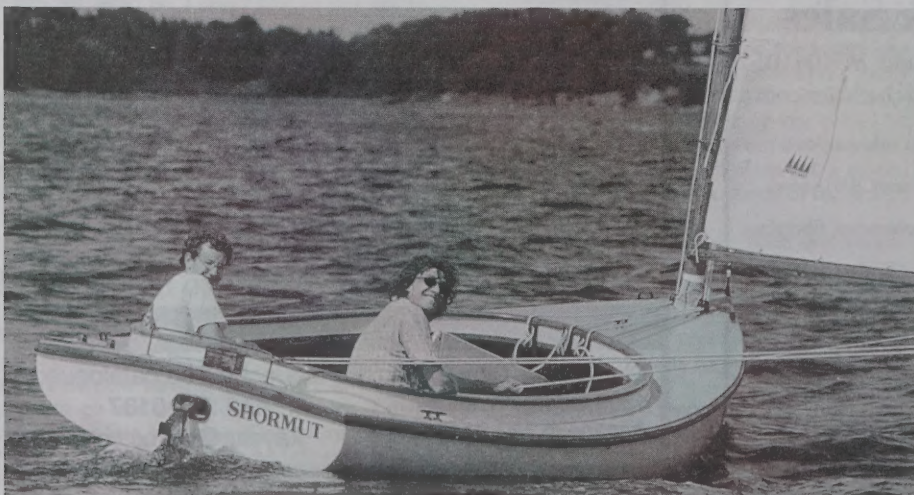


Close finish for the Marshall 18' Class.



Old Ghose leading *Cawa Cat*.

Happy APBY 14' Cat sailors.



Close finish for the APBY 14' Cat Class.

The Winners

Traditional Wooden Boat Class

Alan McClennen, Dunbar Monomoy
(1:31:27)

Marshall 18 Class

Walter McClennen (1:35:59)

20' & Larger Cat Class

Bert & Drew Staniar (1"38:12)

APBY 16 Lynx Class

Dan & Marie Gould (1:45:44)

APBY 14' Cat Class

Lovelock/Pdsiadlo (1:57:59)

Mixed Cat Class (14'-15')

Don Powers, Marshall 15 (1:47:45)

Mixed Cat Class (Handy, Classic, Minuteman, Bigelow)

J. Studley/Lestage, Handy Cat
(1:54:38)

Beetle Cat Class

Roy Terwilliger (2:00:50)



A Wianno Senior readies for the start.

Old Ghost running for the finish.



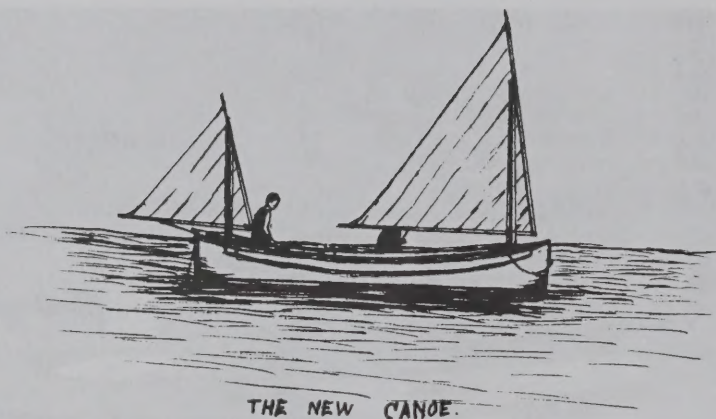
Pandora was winner of the 20' & Over Class.



The crew of the Marshall 18 *Scaramouche* displaying satisfaction.

Bruce Hammatt's *Wianno Senior*.





Monday, August 27th

Dan shook his head and prophesied "falling weather." He is a good weather guide! Nevertheless the quartette, Adelaide, Walter, Billy, and Prof, set forth in the *Unka* and the new canoe, still nameless. There was a fair breeze up the river and the two boats slipped along easily and rapidly. The first real incident of the voyage occurred when the new canoe reached the County Bridge. Billy, who was sailing, insisted that the masts would pass under the "draw" and Prof weakly yielded to his superior wisdom; result, boat wedged against bridge with mizzen-mast under first girder, at imminent danger to masts and boat.

Adelaide forthwith decided that Walt was lonely and that she would go with him in the *Unka* hereafter, a decision from which she never swerved. Finally, by the united efforts of Billy and Prof, the boat was freed, masts lowered, and we advanced, under paddle, to the second bridge. Having passed that, we spread our wings again and sailed gaily up the river.



Disregarding Dan's prophecy and Prof's misgivings, Adelaide and Billy decided to risk weather as far as Clement's Creek. As we passed Luce Creek, where we had first intended to camp, a gathering cloud rapidly developed into a thunderstorm in the southwest, and, as we entered Clement's Creek to find our Crabman's Point occupied, it threatened a speedy wetting. The wetting arrived as we made a landing amid the debris of a burned shantyboat.

Adelaide promptly donned her poncho and took refuge under a tree, Walter proceeded to unload his canoe, Billy and Prof raised their canoe tent, but alas, not quickly enough to save the contents of the canoe from some wetting. A site for the shore tent was found 50' or more up a steep bank but, as Adelaide remarked, in a very pretty wood. The little Hikelite was raised, the canoes put in order, and by that time the second shower, much more severe, had struck us. During these proceedings a large eagle swooped down to pick up something from the surface of the creek. There was a question as to whether it was a bald eagle or not. After a time the tarpaulin was stretched as a porch to the little tent and under its friendly protection by the aid of the sterno stove we

A Pluvial Cruise

This account of a 1923 canoe trip on the Severn River was written by Mr. Clarence Wilson Stryker, a professor of history at St. John's College in Annapolis. The pen and ink drawings were also done by Professor Stryker. The account was found among the papers of my grandmother, Mrs. Royal J. Davis, whose husband had been a colleague of Professor Stryker's at St. Johns. Billy in the account was my uncle, William Wiles Davis, who became an artist and remained a boy at heart all his life.

By Marion Naar

enjoyed hot drinks and soup with the usual additions for supper. Supper over, as also the shower, Walt began, as usual, to make preparations for bed. Billy and Prof at the same time undertook the elaborate preparation of the new boat for sleeping afloat, this was the first trial of the canoe tent aboard.

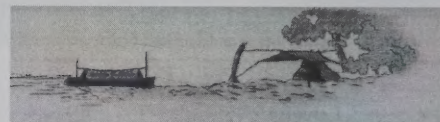
By the time this was done, a sleepy voice called from "upstairs" that Adelaide had decided to go to bed, so the second pair of the quartette turned in also. They managed a fairly comfortable night with no mosquitoes and the soft wind blowing through the open sides of the tent. The Prof did not entirely miss the beautiful moonlight and black shadows of the wooded banks. It was interesting to step directly from one's bathtub into bed.

Tuesday, August 28th

A beautiful sunrise, purple, gold, and deep red, followed so immediately on the moonlight that the whole night was light! The day promised well, save that the wind still remained in the southeast, an ominous direction. Breakfast over, Adelaide decided to abandon the "two-story" camp and packed with the aid of her minions to set sail up the Severn once more with a new supply of clear cool water from the spring near which grew spikes of scarlet lobelia. The banks of the creek were also brightened by mallows, white, rose, and magenta. The breeze up the river was fairly fresh and the two canoes made good progress together, the *Unka* leading when the airs were light despite the weight of the additional passenger, the new boat pushing ahead when the heavier puffs overtook us.

On we went into Round Bay and then Billy, in spite of yesterday's sad experience, wished to keep on to Valentine's Creek. Today the Prof was adamant and therefore we made our way to the old camp site back of St.

Helena Island. 'Twas well that the old man prevailed, for in less than an hour after we landed the first of a series of showers struck us and the broiling of the chickens had to be postponed, and again postponed, until we finally had dinner at 2:00, the final broiling of chickens and baking of potatoes taking place in the rain. Nevertheless, all voted the meal excellent, perhaps due to the appetites developed by long delay and open air. During the afternoon, still showery, the members of the quartette evinced their individual tastes.



Adelaide wandered about and finally succeeded in chopping off two pieces of firewood. Walt fixed and refixed his tent and bed, Billy sketched and bedeviled everybody, and Prof tended fire and dried out clothes, scorching the bottom of one shirt and the foot of one stocking. Supper found the party somewhat depressed but refusing to admit it. After a light meal, for campers, we retired. The night was hot and still with occasional showers and misty moonlight. Adelaide and Walter made out pretty well, but Billy and Prof had a poor night, the latter driven first into a small corner of the canoe and finally out-of-doors by Billy's antics and the heat!

Wednesday, August 29th

Morning broke at last, however, with gray unbroken sky and rain, persistent but not very heavy. Breakfast was accomplished without much trouble and then the campers occupied themselves with various avocations, coming together occasionally to discuss weather signs and buoy up hopes for the future. Adelaide and Walter paddled over to the gushing spring in the sand beach for a supply of fresh water and foregathered with some natives.

One of the latter, a crabber, foretold a clearing "blow" at about 2:00, but the "blow" did not occur and, although the rain ceased, the skies refused to clear. Prof cut firewood and Billy assisted by felling a dead red cedar and cutting it up for a fragrant campfire after supper. Billy also manufactured a cedar bow and provided with an arrow amused himself and endangered camp equipment and companions.

A trip to the von Schwerdtners was proposed, Adelaide had set her mind on roast corn, but Prof declared himself too tired after lack of rest last night to undertake the trip, so it was abandoned. During the day Walt and Prof shaved and were pronounced much improved in beauty. Late in the afternoon we all took a swim, a very brief one for the day was cheerless. After the swim, Billy rounded up four white China ducks from St. Helena and drove them along the beach toward camp, but failed to induce them to surmount a log lying in the way.

We had a New England supper of pork, beans, and brown bread, topped off with fig pudding and hot drinks. While this agreeable process was taking place, the clouds broke and the rose tints of sunset still further cheered the voyagers' hearts. It grew rapidly cooler and the quartette prepared for a good night's sleep. Billy and Prof rearranged their sleeping quarters to pack themselves away after the man-

ner of sardines in a box. But in the midst of cheerful thoughts and anticipations, while Prof was ensconced in the canoe tent giving a final touch to his bed, alas, down came the rain again in a sharp, though brief, shower.

When it was over Walt and Billy went to bed, while Adelaide and Prof sat for a time by the brightly blazing cedar fire until Prof had finished his coffee and cigarette. Then they, too, sought repose as the stars came out, and happily found it, at least the Prof did, no mosquitoes, no kicks from Billy, and so cool an air that blankets were necessary for comfort. In the night the Prof heard the hoot of a horned or barred owl and Adelaide saw a muskrat making an examination of our camp.

Thursday, August 30th

The campers woke to a strange experience, to wit, the sunshine gilding beach, tents, and last night's raindrops. Everyone turned out readily, the Philadelphians first this morning, ready for breakfast and a new start up the river. Packing occupied some time and the accumulated moisture in the atmosphere took Old Sol and the West Wind two or three hours to clear away in gray, misty masses. But when duffel was stowed and we were at last upon our way, the clouds gradually disappeared and blue sky and bright sunshine enlivened the moving picture of wooded shore, sandy point, and reddish bluff.

We made our way under paddle and sail, more paddle than sail today, out into the Severn and on northwestward. The two captains of the new canoe could not agree as to the proper method of sailing, but as usual, Prof gave way to Billy, who was steering, with the result that the *Unka* had a nice, lazy paddle along shore and reached Valentine's Creek some time before they appeared.

A search of the shores of the creek revealed a fairly convenient and slightly camping ground. Luncheon was eaten under the shade of a locust and a pine with a water outlook each way. The Hikelite and the tarpaulin were pitched and then Adelaide and Walter departed in the *Unka* en route for Severn Park and bread, fruit, and pet, while Billy and Prof sketched, wrote up log and otherwise employed themselves. Among other things they explored the headwaters of Valentine's Creek and made way with difficulty through masses of waterweed.

Prof thought he saw ahead a marsh wren's nest and Billy was determined to see it close at hand. When the boat would advance no farther into the weeds and mud under paddle, he kindly offered to tow it and before Prof could check him, stepped overboard. Fortunately he went one leg at a time for the forward leg met no effective resistance and plunged full length into the soft mire. Billy was only saved from combined drowning and burial by clinging to the boat.

The trippers to Severna returned with bread, rolls, pet, and fruit. A swim was followed by supper and all hands turned in, chiefly to escape the attacks of hungry mosquitoes. After the Prof was in the canoe tent, Billy pushed the boat off shore and pulled it into the rushes but sideways to the shore. All were soon plunged into dreamless sleep, but Billy and Prof awoke at midnight to find their floating bed careened to an angle of 45 degrees. The tide had gone out! However, in spite of the trying conditions, they managed to stow themselves so as to fall asleep again.

Friday, August 31st

The canoeists awoke to a misty world, grass, leaves, tents dripping with dew and the sun showing pale and ghostly through the clouds of steam rising from both land and water. Billy and Prof took a morning dip, or rather splash, inside the barrier of uninviting weeds. After breakfast and the usual packing, the four turned their prows and thoughts up the river for the final exploration of the Severn. From Valentine's Creek onward the river is narrow with numerous bluffs and sand banks where a peculiar variety of sand is or has been excavated for glass or porcelain making. This part of the river, too, is more generously provided with pines and cedars and their picturesque forms and spicy odors added a pleasing variety to the trip.

Passing Whitney's and Indian Landing, the former provided with a cable ferry and the latter adorned by several small islands, the party reached the end of the river proper. Here between acres of bright green wild oats we entered Severn Run. Severn Run proved both interesting and charming. There was a good depth of water although the stream was at times nearly choked by the constantly changing views of the forest-covered higher banks to right and left. Flocks of red winged blackbirds rose chattering as we advanced; we scared into spasms of flight the yellow-legged "quawks" and occasionally a great blue heron rose on wide beating wings or a muskrat splashed amid the rushes close beside us.

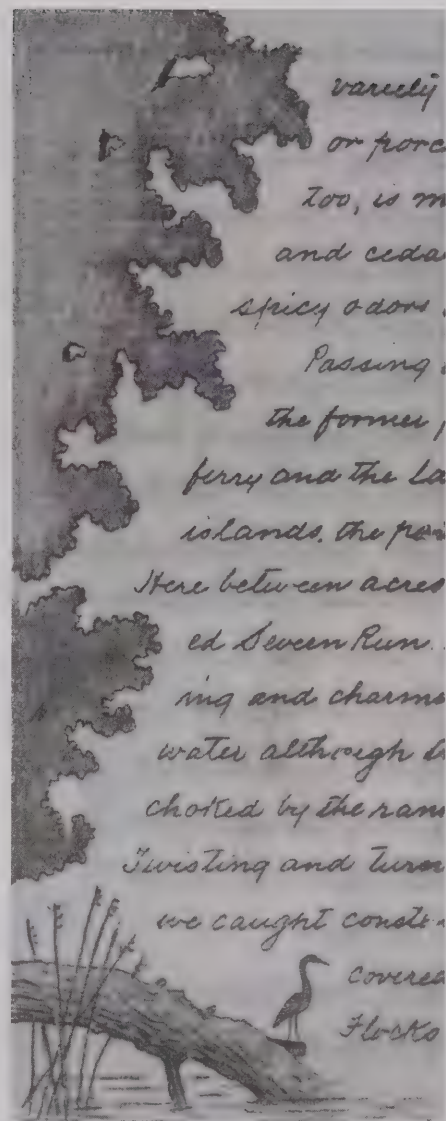
Once a bald headed eagle soared into the blue and several ospreys fled from us with shrill protest. Presently the bushes grew higher, water-loving trees appeared on the bank, and leaving the broad marshes astern, we entered the wooded alluvial region, the pequoson, as it is called about Chesapeake Bay. Here was lovely play of lights and shadows, tangled vines draped the trees in shining green mantles, graceful royal ferns dip their fronds in the ever-flowing stream, dark blue viburnum berries hung in masses, and here and there gleamed, orange red, the seed clusters of the swamp magnolia. For two miles or more we enjoyed this novel canoeing and then reluctantly turned backward, warned by the mid-day sun that we must retrace our steps, or rather our strokes.

After reaching the river again, we stopped on a diminutive island for lunch and then again took to paddle and oar, making way steadily though leisurely downward. We stopped at Whitney's landing and replenished our canteens with water from a cool, clear spring overarched by dense foliage of ferns and trees draped in shining masses of greenbriar. Backward we went with the pleasant breeze in our faces and pine-clad bluffs into Round Bay and to our old camp site. While Walter and Billy took a swim from the *Unka*, Adelaide straightened out tent and duffel and Prof collected wood and built supper fire. Again we dallied over the evening meal under the low drooping chestnut oaks as the evening shadows deepened and went to bed under the peeping stars, tired but happy.

Saturday, September 1st

Last Day of the Cruise

Up fairly early to greet another bright, clear day with less mist and dampness. Breakfast over, the final packing and clearing up took longer than usual and perhaps movements were retarded by regret that our jolly outing



was nearly over. On our way homeward we made a detour to explore pretty St. Helena Creek. Then we set our faces resolutely toward the final goal. As we passed out of Round Bay several white winged sailboats passed us, probably preparing for the water carnival to be held this afternoon.

We found ourselves bucking a strong wind up river and for a time there was strenuous work even from Adelaide and Billy, the former developing into an effective paddler and the latter showing vigorous muscle in handling the oars. Past Brewer's, Saltworks, and Clement's Creeks we struggled onward and then stopped for luncheon on a sandy beach beneath a partially shady bluff. When we again embarked, the wind had died down and we made easy work of it toward Crabtown, stopping to greet two swimming friends of Prof's. Under the two bridges, around the Naval Academy we reached Burtis's about 3:30 PM, brown, somewhat dirty, but pleased with ourselves and the trip, initiated in showers but ending in sunshine.





Bruzzwully or Separating the Men From the Boys

By Robb White

One of these horizontal driving rain, continuous lightning style thunderstorms we have here in the north Gulf of Mexico of an early summer morning (about 2:30 usually) will certainly separate the men from the boys. When I was a boy, me and Bruzzwully (another boy) were the ones who had to go down and find the skiff where it had drug anchor to, while the men stayed at the house and discussed the relative merits of the Northhill vs. the Danforth and such high-minded subjects as that over breakfast and coffee. While they were doing that, Bruzzwully and I took the motor off, laid it on the hard beach, and dug the sand out of the boat.

We just got back from our annual big-deal family doings at the coast house on July 3rd and it was about two weeks of ferocity, both within and without. Old loud-mouthed Republicans and Democrats squared off inside. I must stray from the subject at hand for a little minute before I can tell you about the fury outside. Why don't these fools realize that it ain't the Republicans or the Democrats who run this country, that all this messing around, swapping parties and such to get another angle on the manipulation is just that, manipulation and both we and they are the ones getting manipulated. We ought to quit arguing about first one smokescreen after another and start refusing to participate, quit buying all this gas would be a good start.

Anyway, we stayed outside with the boats and children all we could but, I tell you what, this horrendous four-year drought is finally broken. There was hardly any time at all when there wasn't a thunderstorm that had just passed us going ashore on the mainland and another just in the offing, fixing to chase us in where the discussion was going on. I always took the tiller with me so I could enforce a little peace and quiet in there while the lightning and thunder crashed all around.

Once lightning struck the house. Dang. We were all sitting in the leese side doorway under the porch roof watching the fury when there was a hell of a bang, a very bright flash, and a long-lasting fireball up in the peak of the rafters (equilateral hip roof, no ceiling). My grandson Will came running out of the little room with the fuse box in it hollering, "I see some fire." Sure enough, when I went in there, there was a smutty place on the box. I wished for Dave Carnell but there was nothing to worry about. All that had happened was that it had arced across the breaker that fed the wire to the overhead light the one in the peak of the rafters with the long burned out, inaccessible bulb.

I had thought about the lightning possibility when we built this house. I mean, it is the highest point within half a mile, just sits there on the naked sand like a challenge to the elements, sort of like a boat does out on the water. We hauled the whole thing over here with a skiff and carried it up the beach, one board at a time, towed the pilings and dragged them up with a come-along. By the time we got to the roof building stage, there in the blaz-



ing hot summer sun, the little structure was beginning to assume some significance, so I decided to do all I could to keep from losing it. I knew that one day a real hurricane was going to wipe this island perfectly clean again like it did in 1899 and I couldn't do anything about that, but the thing that got my attention at the time we were struggling with the construction was these thunderstorms. While we were cowering in terror (terror is a good way to ward off hubris) under the blue polyethylene with the lumber, I was thinking about what I could do to make the house less provocative.

I made a sharp-pointed bronze lightning rod sticking out the peak of the roof and connected it to a Faraday's cage of copper pipe on the rafters running down the pilings to ground out into the water table. It was a lot of trouble and expense, but I believe that we would have had more trouble than one smutty breaker that day if we hadn't done all that.

What I think happened was that (according to theory) the electrons of the ground were attracted to the thunderstorm and ran up the copper to crowd onto the sharp tip of the lightning rod and there wasn't enough room so one of them got squeezed off. The presence of his little negativity ionized one molecule of air and made it conductive enough to attract another electron and another and another until a conductive pathway, a "leader," was formed all the way up and the flow of electrons along it discharged the ground around our house. Because of that the lightning didn't actually strike our house, but the discharge current was so powerful that it seemed like it, we all smelled the ozone. I have been close to one or two real lightning strikes and ain't no little array of copper or stack of sticks that will come out of that scot free.

I believe that such discharges have happened at that house many times without being powerful enough to cause an arc at the confluence of the cage and the lightning rod at the peak of the roof, but I have found an inexplicably thrown breaker from time to time.

I think it was a good thing in a way. Certainly silenced them Democrats and Republicans, might have made them suspect that there might be something more powerful than, well, Republicans and Democrats.

Wow, I was going to tell you about men and boys and dragging anchors wasn't I? Anyway, while I am so far off track, I'll just tell you what I do when I get caught out in a boat in a thunderstorm, won't take long. I cower in the bottom in terror. If it is a sailboat, I take the mast down and cower under the sail unless it is a big sailboat with an aluminum mast, then I ground all the stays and shrouds with old welding leads that get discarded when the insulation wears off enough so that they start leaking to ground. You can get them at any welding supply place for the scrap copper price. The ground wires have the most excellent clamps and make good automotive jumper cables but the electrode clamp will grab a sailboat stay. I just frazzle up the other end of the wire and let it lollygag in the water. I have a pointed rod on top of the mast too. I don't know if it protects the boat from lightning but it keeps the cormorants off.

If I am in an outboard skiff when the storm comes, I cower as far forward, away from the engine, as I can get. One of my friends saw an outboard skiff that was struck by lightning. All the damage was right back aft around





One that didn't get dug out long ago.



the engine, 3" holes in the transom at both clamps for one thing. Don't keep the gas tank back there. That's one reason why you always see me steering with a piece of PVC pipe between me and the tiller of the outboard. Sometimes, when properly provoked, lightning can strike out of a clear blue sky, and no, I ain't going to sit up at any silly "console" with a ridiculous steering wheel connected to the engine with all kinds of wires and cables.

So, (finally) it was a rough week or two down there and we got to see a lot of anchor dragging and the results. It didn't happen to any of our boats because we have gradually punished ourselves enough to finally evolve a rig that works in our specific situation. What happens is that, in the interval between thunderstorms (especially between about 8:00 at night and around 2:00 in the morning) it calms almost completely off. The boats just drift around every which way with the tide and the slight breeze. You can look down the bay and see them heading in all different directions and then, look in a little while and they'll all be heading in another different direction.

Other people become complacent within the shield of their ignorance, but we know that what is happening down on the bottom is that the line is wrapping around and around whichever part of the anchor is sticking up out of the sand, the little tipping pad on a Danforth, the other fluke on a Northill or fisherman, or the whole thing for people who are fool enough to use a little Navy anchor or a mushroom plunket.

You guessed it. When the instant 70 knots (one man with a wind machine registered 115 before his little whirligig wrung off) worth of blowing sand comes off the beach, there is a regular parade of big money dragging down the bay to blow sideways up on a lee beach, dig in, and tip the weather rail down (these deep "Vs" are the champions) so that the breakers can fill the boat up with sand, perfectly flush with the rest of the beach, the fancy upholstered furniture and fishing rods and such sticking up out of the flat sand in a real cute, Salvadore Dali looking way. That is, cute if it ain't my boat.

Which, it wasn't, not this time anyway. What we do is set two anchors in the "Bahama moor." I used to use two old 5H Danforths, which will hold like an old piano frame (good) in hard sand, but I hate the way they clank around in the boat and how they always want to bite you. So now I use two little Chinese Bruces (Simpson Lawrence, good and dirt cheap, will ride in a bucket). On my tiniest boats, I use the cute little 1 kg ones and on the skiff, a pair of the 2 kgs. We set the two anchors straight opposite each other and try to anticipate what the wind will do so the boat won't lie up alongside one of the painters (I just can't call 20' of 5/16" line a "rode").

It doesn't really matter, though. The boat sits so stationary that there is no chafe and if it comes a blow, it will wiggle across right away. We always anchor right up by the beach, both for the convenience of it and so these behemoths won't be able to drag down on us when it starts to snort in the middle of the night and make me have to get up and go down there in the driving rain and push somebody's goddamned *Reel Tight* back out into the bay to go on her real slack way.

So, we didn't have any problem other than a lot of bailing (how is it that 1" of rain can put 1' of water in a skiff), but we saw some

pitiful perplexity after the Republicans and Democrats of the other houses finally dragged themselves out of the bed around 11:00 in the morning.

Uh-oh, that brings up another puzzle of conventional human behavior and I'll just have to comment. Why in hell do all these people come to the coast to sit around all day, drink beer, and talk? Jesus, life is short. It seems like they could save themselves the driving time and just stay home to do that. That way they wouldn't be cluttering up the highways with their damned Exhibitions and the water with their, well, damned exhibitions. This island is a hard place to get to.

If you ain't got a boat, it costs sixty bucks, minimum, one way just to get here. If you do have a boat like most of these people got, it costs way more than that and I think our little shanty is the only house on the island without a satellite dish. I just don't understand it. They can't be trying to "get away from it all" because they all have two or three phones in their bags, chirping like diabolical insects and a pager biting them on the belly like a tick. It is just another case of excessive slack in the natural selection process. We need another ice age.

So, we watched (I don't participate in non-life-threatening misery) the Bingeys and Bruzzwullys of the other houses digging the sand out of their boats almost every day. Sometimes, the boat would be so big and they would have gotten so late a start that they wouldn't be able to get through in one tide and would have to do it twice. The way the scenario usually worked was that when the household of the lost boat finally emerged from their stupor, the inhabitants would go down and gather on the beach in their nightgowns and towel-style bathrobes and stare at the place where the boat used to be.

Then one of them would be delegated to go get the binoculars and they would argue about which way to look (no idea of the prevailing wind direction of the current set of storms, I guess the Democrats were the ones wanting to look to the left). They would try to ignore our little docile fleet right there where it always is as they scanned up and down the beach.

Finally the women would go back to the house and some of the men and boys would split into two groups and start walking. Some of the more hung-over looking men would go back into the house with the women. Usually, one group of walkers would find the boat and walk back to the house to describe the calamity. Sometimes, if the boat was on the mainland, they wouldn't. There is a man with an airplane who specializes in projects of that sort. If the house was close enough to us, we could hear the people wailing about the news and blaming each other. The airplane man charges a lot of money.

If the boat was found washed up on the island, some of the men might head out to reconnoiter the extent of the calamity. But usually the coffee would be made and the Froot Loops would be in the bowl, so the men would go back inside and a group of boys, usually two, looking like Bruzzwully and me but with oversized, long bathing suits, would trudge off down the beach with a bucket and little plastic shovels, though I saw one hard-working kid (reminded me of old Bruzzwully) dig one out with a Frisbee, a most excellent tool.

So, what happened to old Bruzzwully? Was he there to gloat with me in triumph at

our capability? Nope. I ain't seen him in years. He has far too much capability to hang around down here. When he grew up, he moved to Texas for a little while and, last I heard, he wasn't even living in America anymore. I think that he has become one of the people who actually run this country. I bet he has two of those little genuine Scotland Bruces on his Riva. I

bet I know what he told President Bush the last time he communicated with him, too. "Mr. President, I am sending you a new speech writer and, until he gets there, you keep your mouth shut." If you see me with two genuine Scotland Bruces on my Riva, you'll know that I sold out.



This photograph was taken the day after the hurricane of 1899. The ships are on the beach of Shipping Cove on the bayside of Dog Island, Apalachee Bay, Florida. The camera is facing SW. The bare looking land in the background is the west end of the island which is now heavily forested and was the day before this picture, too. Most of the ships and schooners are from the Baltic and were here loading longleaf pine lumber and cants from two sawmills in Carrabelle. The bark at left is Russian but the three master, bow out, is the *President James A. Garfield*, which probably hauled up the East Coast. There is a little tug working on the square rigger that is listing so badly in the background. It might have been successful, but there is a lot of old wreckage that gets washed up out of the sand from time to time by these lesser hurricanes and such. Altogether 12 ships were lost during the storm of 1899 but none of the crew.

There weren't so many helpless people on the water back then. The place where our little house is is about a mile-and-a-half behind the photographer, waiting its turn. That was what they call the "Hundred Year Storm," and it is now the hurricane season of 2001, overdue. Oh well, it was good while it lasted.



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What's in a Name?

Every so often, the boating magazines publish an item on boat names. Some are poetic, some humorous, and some are just plain obvious, like *Boat*. For what it's worth, here are my additions to the list, not in print until now.

A Mr. Conrad Sharpe has this insignia at the spreader, *C#*. Painted on the transom we see this (musical notation, C sharp).

A certain lady named Beatrice owns a flattie hull. The transom of this one shows *B*. A dentist I know calls his sloop *Bicuspid*. Another has named his Constellation the *Flying Molar*. Still another names his boat *Molaris*.

Then there are the cute names like *Cupcake* and *Button*. I saw a boat named *RowJoan*. Now, do you think his name is Rowland and hers is Joan, or does Joan have to row home?

A doctor friend calls his camp *Labor in Vain* and his boat *Labor Pain*.

Among those that raise questions in my mind are *Clambake*, *Hangover*, *Te Te*, *Giggles*, *Screwie*, and *Half-Pint*. Might they be intentionally ambiguous?

Some of the smallest craft sport impressive titles. How about *Great Aunt Nancy* on a 14-footer, or *Pride of Eggmoggin* on a dinghy? Also, one nondescript skiff has *Pearl of Orr's Island* in 4" gold letters.

One club member painted *Plodalong* on his consistently losing boat, and changed to *Zipalong* when he put her up for sale.

Names seldom seen are *Leaky*, *Stinker*, *Puddles*, *Slippery*, but they could apply to some boats with much finer names. No matter what boat I have owned, one of my so-called friends always calls it *The Big Sink*. The same guy called my camp *Rottensill*. My own boats have been named *Potluck*, *Hardtack*, and *Bittersweet*. My present boat is *Tempo Rubato* (stolen time). Maybe the best one was named *Anonymous*.

The First Mate

A major part of your enjoyment of your boat depends on your choice of a partner. Now you can sail single-handed afloat or ashore, but there's not much pleasure in it over the long haul. While the lone voyager may accomplish the nearly impossible, it may well be some woman who gives him the impetus to carry on or furnishes inspiration.

A lot of this idea about proving oneself, that you can do it alone, is just a fallacy. Maybe some of these heroes are just doing it like schoolboys showing off for the girls. Cherchez

Waterlogged

Part 2

By Harold Taylor

la femme.

Now, as to qualifications for the boat wife. She must be as wise as Solomon (or Solomon's wives). She must be self-sacrificing, even to the point of giving up a day of relaxation or playing bridge with the girls, just to drive taxi so that the sailor can get to his mooring. Then she wheels the family sedan all over the countryside to meet him at his next destination. She gets all the work and occasionally some of the fun. She must be a skilled short-order cook, ready to prepare appetizing and nourishing picnics with 15 minutes advance notice.

If the tide is going to be just right two hours before breakfast on Sunday morning, she will be up and doing with never a complaint, well, almost never. She is ready with cooling hands and soothing lotions to smear on exposed areas of the skipper's hide that got left out in the sun too long.

No coward, she has been known to place her frail body between the bows and the oncoming rock, willing to risk her safety for the ship.

Of such excellent stuff is our First (and only) Mate constructed. She is the modern counterpart of the woman of another day who stood on the headland watching and praying for her skipper and ship to make harbor, or the lady who went west in the prairie schooner. Today, she is more apt to be aboard the family vessel. The purpose of voyaging is usually recreational, and not necessity as in the days of yore. Like her sisters of old, she is not found wanting.

So ALL Hail to you, mates and wives. Greater praise cannot be given. In whatever capacity you serve aboard, so shall your prestige and reign over the men increase. Welcome aboard, home is wherever you are.

The situation is not always so fortunate. Some would-be boatmen are grounded because their wives don't like the water or boats. Woe to all such! Condolences to their husbands. Lucky is the skipper whom nature has blessed with the type of woman described first.

So, ladies, come along for the fun afloat (and don't forget lunch).

Do Ya Know How to Jibe?

In his early days of sailing, the writer of this tale was out on a gusty day with a three-year-old budding sailor (Donny). It seemed like a good time to do some instructing as well as to simply enjoy the fun of sailing.

The passage between two islands was narrow and a jibe became the only means of avoiding a collision with a rocky shore. Somehow the mainsheet got out of hand, and the skipper ordered the small crewman, "Donny, pass me that rope that's wound around the oar handle." He did so, and the jibe went without mishap, none too soon.

"See, Donny, that's how you jibe."

Later, the same small sailor was out with his mom in the Folbot, sort of a kayak. They were paddling around the shoreline, when the

youngster queried with a professorial air, "Mama, do ya know how to jibe?"

"How do you jibe, Donny?"

"Just pass the rope to your father."

Drawbridges

Our first lesson in what not to do at a drawbridge took place at the causeway separating Long Lake from Brandy Pond in Naples, Maine.

The conditions were not bad, but not too good for novices like us. Wind was about 10 knots from the north, straight down the lake. We are dead ahead of it. The skipper is mismanaging things adequately. The crew is a very competent teenage son. We prudently take down the mains'l, to slow us down a bit, natch. As the bridge gets nearer, we wave like crazy and holler a bit, too, to no avail.

Finally, a bewhiskered face appears from the control shack. We are bearing down at a good clip. The wind picks up speed and so do we.

Voice from above, "Do you want me to open the bridge?"

Boat replies, "What in the !?!?!?!! blue blazes do you think?"

Any knowledgeable sailor knows we should go about and get the heck out of there. Yeah, but how do you do it with just a jib? Well, do the next best thing, drop anchor. We proceed with this maneuver, attempting to drop the jib at the same time. As the anchor line pays out, it somehow fouls the jib halyard. Picture this if you can. Anchor goes down, jib goes up. Jib comes down, anchor comes up, sort of a maniacal seesawing.

What next? Boat continues toward bridge unabated. Just as we almost hit the rocks to starboard, the crew jumps ashore and fends off. Now the bridge starts to open. The mast turns to push the drawspan, while the hull turns sideways in the channel and becomes stuck on the pilings on either side.

Traffic on the highway (Route 302) gets impatient. Horns blare. Profanity! At last we're free (don't ask me how). In the relative quiet following this fracas, we reset the sails and head down Brandy Pond, embarrassed, and nearly undaunted.

Drawbridge Lesson II

We are in a tidal estuary, the Sheepscot in Wiscasset, Maine. The crew this time is my wife, who had more courage than sense in trusting me. Notice we have graduated to salt water. The boat is bigger and heavier (a True Rocket named *Bittersweet*). Wind is very light and getting less. Tidal current is sweeping upstream under the draw at 3-4 knots.


These conditions should be no problem for the expert. We seem to be fresh out of experts. A sensible skipper would start the outboard and get out of there. Who's sensible? Not me. The outboard is snug in the bilge. Frantically, I get the portable bracket out. Ooops! Upside down. Finally, it is in place. With luck, the motor starts on the first pull.

Now we are upon the bridge. The mast is actually scraping along the steel girders. The current is sweeping us under and we heel alarmingly. Now the bow heads for the concrete abutment. My courageous wife jumps to the bow and pushes us back. Now the propeller bites the water, and we are safely headed out, thanks to my wife and the guardian angel of fools and greenhorns.

(To Be Continued)

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Adventures with Antique Wooden Sailboats

By Bradford Lyttle

Over the years, I have come into possession of two antique wooden sailboats. Keeping these in good sailing condition has provided me with a number of challenges that might be of interest to readers of *MAIB*.

One boat is 12' lapstrake dingy. A master builder of small wooden boats named Nicholson built it in Kingston, Ontario, Canada (venue of the 1976 Olympic sailboat races). My father purchased it about 1931 for my brother, who then was eight years old. It was the first sailboat in our family. At the time, it had only one sail, but its mast was stepped far enough back to accommodate a jib, which we soon obtained. The sails were Egyptian cotton, the stays and their turnbuckles galvanized iron. The mast had no spreader or diamond stays and tended to bend alarmingly in a fresh breeze. The boat was shaped like a walnut. It was varnished (I remember the smell of cedar and varnish in Mr. Nicholson's boat shed).

We named it *Jelly Roll*, "the name given to a baby beaver that had been adopted by a Canadian Indian Chief named Grey Owl. Grey Owl was a man of many talents and an ardent conservationist. Actually, he had adopted two baby beavers when he found that trappers had killed their parents. One he named *Jelly Roll*, the other *Cup Cake*. Eventually, he wrote a book about his experiences rearing them that became a best seller in Canada. I suspect that it was the shape and color of *Jelly Roll* that made us feel that it resembled a small beaver.

My brother sailed *Jelly Roll* for several years, then decided that he wanted something faster, and built a lightweight scow. I am four years younger than my brother and, for all practical purposes, inherited the *Roll*. A problem was that I was really too small to sail the boat safely. Because of its round shape, *Roll* was exceptionally maneuverable but, if you pulled up its centerboard, it also was tippy. This tippyness became most uncomfortably apparent on a run in a brisk breeze.

When *Jelly Roll* was in that situation, with its boom at right angles to the side, gusts of wind that were harmonic with its natural rocking rhythm quickly caused it to capsize. One or two experiences capsizing this way made me afraid of sailing the boat. Someone then painted it blue and used it as an outboard. Eventually it was stored in the basement of our summer cottage, where it remained unused for about three decades.

About 1970, needing a small sailboat, I took the *Roll* out of the basement, washed the dirt and oil out of its inside, scraped off the blue paint, revarnished the outside, painted the inside gray, and otherwise embarked on an extensive reconditioning and improving program. Eventually I installed a bow deck, flotation bags, hiking straps, a jam cleat for the main sheet, convenient jam cleats for the jib sheets, put diamond stays and a set of stainless steel stays with aviation turnbuckles on the mast, and sealed up some leaks in and near the centerboard well with epoxy and fiberglass.

At the time, I used resorcinol glue for the main woodwork and, since I had not worked much with boats for about 30 years, was amazed at how strong and waterproof it was.

When the *Roll* was rebuilt and several test sails had been undertaken, I sailed it extensively in the Thousand Island area of the St. Lawrence River, in Great Peconic Bay, Shinnecock Bay and Great South Bay off Long Island, and off Warren's Point near Naragansett Bay in Rhode Island. In 1974, when I moved from the East Coast to Chicago to care for my elderly parents, the *Roll* went back into storage. In 1992, after my mother had died, I brought it to Chicago and have sailed it considerably in Lake Michigan.

The other boat is a 14' lapstrake catboat that I have named *Cup Cake*. Since the *Roll* was on the East Coast and I wanted a sailboat in the Thousand Islands, about 1975 I placed an ad in a local newspaper for a wooden sailboat. The first response was in respect to a GP-14, a British-designed, plywood dingy. Its set of sails included a spinnaker. It required only a small amount of work to make seaworthy, and was ideal for my purposes.

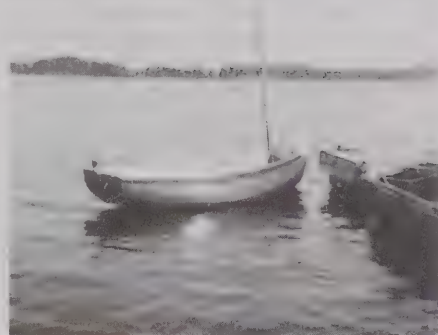
However, a few days later, a neighbor phoned and said that she had a catboat that had been in storage in a nearby barn since about 1934. She said that she thought that the catboat had been made by the Peterborough Boat Company and had been used by her family for only a few seasons. I thought that I knew exactly what the boat was and was astonished, an antique, wooden catboat in almost perfect condition. Even though I told her that it probably was quite valuable, she insisted on a ridiculously low price.

When my brother and I opened the barn door, there it was, hanging from the rafters, a lapstrake catboat, its varnish glistening as if new. A bag contained a huge Egyptian cotton sail. The 14' main mast was about 4" in diameter and hollow, the 14' gaff also was hollow. The sail hoops were made of steam-bent wood. The stays and turnbuckles were galvanized iron. The huge centerboard was a solid piece of 1/4" bronze. All lines were hemp. It was a boat from another age.

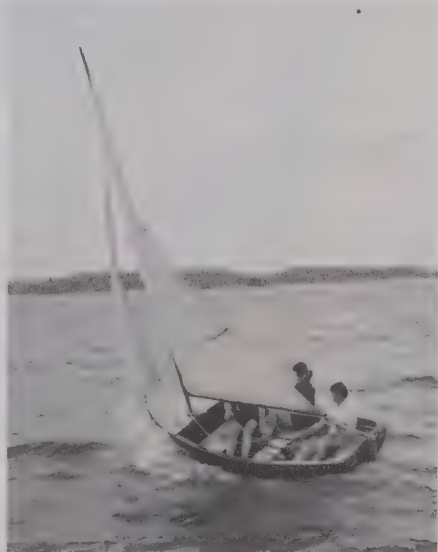
Cup Cake's single sail was huge, about 140' square, and it propelled the boat in only the faintest suggestion of a wind. A cousin, also a small boat aficionado, copied the sail in dacron, which meant that we could store the cotton sail out of harm's way. Unfortunately, *Cup Cake* required a good deal of maintenance, was put aside for a Hobie Cat and more exotic craft, and suffered some water damage. Eventually, I took it to Chicago, repaired the damage, and have sailed it in Lake Michigan.

An interesting feature I have discovered about *Jelly Roll* and *Cup Cake* is that, although they both have lapstrake hulls, their design reflects the size of the bodies of water near which they were developed. *Jelly Roll*, being beamy and having considerable rocker, was built near Lake Ontario and sails well in large waves. It just rides over them and doesn't pound much. A price that it pays for this design is that it is slow. *Cup Cake* was built in a region dominated by small lakes. It has a flatter bottom and actually can plane in a brisk breeze. However, it tends to pound to windward in large waves.

Because I dry-sail both boats, I always have had trouble with their leaking. This has meant that a crew member has had to spend a



Jelly Roll about 1932.



Jelly Roll about 1974.

Cup Cake about 1980.



great deal of time bailing. Several people have given me advice on how to solve this problem. An engineer at Gougeon Brothers suggested simply fiberglassing the hulls. I didn't do this. A man who attends antique boat shows said that modern flexible caulking covered with a good quality marine varnish would stop the leaks. I have tried this approach and it hasn't entirely worked, perhaps the problem is my inexperience with the technique.

About a year ago I was leafing through a West Marine catalog and came upon ads for small bilge pumps. I was surprised at how small several of the pumps were and how large their pumping capacity. The smallest was made by Rule and had a capacity of 360 gallons per minute. This pump was powered by 12 volts dc and drew 2.2 amps. Also, the claim was made that it could be run dry without suffering damage. It struck me that such a pump easily could handle even voluminous leaking of a small boat and should operate continuously for many hours on a small lead/acid storage battery, the kind used in lawn mowers and golf carts.

Consequently, I obtained a pump, a small storage battery, about 6' of 3/4" plastic tubing, a through-hull plastic fitting, several plastic "Ls" and appropriate hook-up wire, alliga-

Cup Cake's deck layout.



tor clamps, and a switch. It didn't take long to install all of this in *Cup Cake*. The result exceeded my hopes. I started the pump as soon as the boat slipped out of its trailer into the water and left it on for the four to six hours of the sail. It sometimes made a sucking noise that often was comical and ejected a reassuring stream of water through the transom.

I put a similar pump into *Jelly Roll*. These pumps have revolutionized sailing the boats. They not only dispose of water that leaks in, but also water that splashes and ships over the sides. They prevent the accumulation of heavy bilge water and thus preserve the agility and safety of the boats. They keep water below the floorboards so that the bottoms of the boats can be sat on without discomfort.

One experience I had with *Jelly Roll* strikingly exhibited the value of the pump. I was sailing with a crew member in Lake Michigan in June, when the water was still quite cold. The wind was strong and gusty. We were about a mile from shore, when a gust heeled us over so that water began to ship over the leeward gunwale. My crew, who had never sailed before, did not loosen the jib quickly enough and the boat almost swamped and tipped over. The pump and battery were completely submerged and the *Roll* scarcely

handled at all. However, the pump kept pumping and, within about 10 minutes, all of the water was out of the boat and we had regained our full buoyancy. Even in an emergency of this kind, we found it completely unnecessary to bail by hand.

My experiences with these little bilge pumps lead me to recommend their use to everyone with a small wooden boat that leaks. Don't spend a great deal of time and money trying to fix the leaks. Instead, install a bilge pump and operate it continuously when the boat is in the water.

A change that I have made in *Cup Cake* is to adapt it to using *Jelly Roll's* mast, boom, and rigging. In other words, it can be sailed either as a catboat or as a sloop. This has involved installing a tabernacle about 16" aft of the deck hole for the catboat mast and chainplates to which the *Roll's* mast's stays can be attached. Both the *Roll's* and *Cup Cake's* tabernacles are mounted on their foredecks. Both boats have braces below the tabernacles to the boats' keels. The resulting rig leaves *Cup Cake* somewhat undersailed, but this often is desirable sailing in waters off the Windy City.

It is possible that other kinds of catboats could be altered in a similar way and sailed as sloops.

On both boats the tabernacle is hinged so that the mast can be tilted backward after it is stepped. In conjunction with this, the forestay of *Jelly Roll's* mast ends in a long line that passes through a pulley in the bow, runs over the foredeck, and is cleated near the base of the mast. This rope makes it easier to raise and lower the mast, a particular convenience if the boat has to pass under a low bridge, as it does in Chicago, to reach Lake Michigan.

This problem of the bridge has led to another addition to *Jelly Roll's* equipment. It is necessary to row *Jelly Roll* with its mast unstepped about half a mile from a launching ramp, through an inner harbor, under the bridge, to an outer harbor where the mast can be raised. It would be almost impossible to row the boat if the mast were resting on its deck. Consequently, I have made two removable brackets with "U" shaped tops that carry the mast above the head of a rower. One bracket fits in the tabernacle. The other fits in the rudder gudgeons. This arrangement makes it easy to row to a buoy where *Roll* can be tied up and her mast raised.

About Peterborough Boats

strokes with copper nails to steam-bent oak ribs. The resulting hull, that was designed to be kept in the water, tended to leak a little at first, but the seams were so finely made that, when the wood swelled, the hull became nearly waterproof. Anderson's approach became the standard method for most small pleasure boat building, enduring for nearly 100 years, up until the advent of fiberglass.

The best-known company that made boats this way was the Peterborough Canoe Company. It metamorphosed into the Canada Canoe Company. Eventually, a number of other small boat manufacturing companies sprang up in the towns around Peterborough.

Many of the craftsmen who worked for these companies also were farmers, and they would take boat molds back to their homes and make canoes and other boats on the side during winter months. For decades, Peterborough was the world center of small pleasure boat manufacture, canoes and other craft built there finding their ways to every continent. The Peterborough boat became one of the hallmark products of Canada.

I hoped that the records of these factories had been kept, at least by museums. To my dismay, in talking with the librarian at the Peterborough Municipal Library, I found that most of the records had either been destroyed in the many fires that broke out in the boat factories, or simply had been thrown away when the firms went out of business. Apparently no one was aware that they were losing an important part of Canadian history. The li-

brarian was as distressed by this as I. Also, he told me that the serial number of *Cup Cake* didn't mean much, because serial numbers would be adopted arbitrarily for runs of boats being made by many manufacturers.

Fortunately, he did have some of the catalogues produced by the Peterborough Canoe Company. One catalog, dated 1923, has a picture of several Cup Cakes, sails raised, tied up to a dock. The catalog says that the boat could be custom made with decks or as a dingy, and a deluxe version, including sails, cost \$200. This dates *Cup Cake* at 1923 or even earlier. It is my impression that this was a one-design craft and was regularly raced. It may have been the 1920s equivalent of the Sunfish.

Finally realizing the historical importance

of Peterborough boats, a number of Canadians purchased an abandoned factory in Peterborough, formerly owned by the Peterborough Canoe Company and then by Outboard Marine, and turned it into a canoe museum. The large building now houses a collection of more than 800 canoes and kayaks. It has an exhibit that shows how the Eskimos built kayaks (Eskimo women could hand-sew sealskins together with waterproof seams), and another that displays the evolution of the outboard.

There is a workshop where the public can watch small wooden boats being repaired. Among the unusual canoes on display is one that, in 1976, three Canadians paddled more than 3,000 miles from Great Slave Lake in the

Northwest Territory to the Montreal International Exposition. They stopped only to portage. While two men paddled, one slept. Among other interesting canoes are several examples of the huge "Mother Canoes" used by the Voyageurs. Each of these weighed about 600 pounds and could carry four tons of beaver pelts and supplies. On a portage, four men would carry it on their shoulders (try just picking up 150 pounds).

The founders of the museum are trying to convince the Canadian government that the Canadian national symbol of the beaver should be replaced by the canoe. I suggested that the best symbol might be a beaver paddling a canoe. Most people admire both beavers and canoes.

PETERBOROUGH SAILING DINGHYS



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The 140-foot sail is the standard size for a 14-foot Dinghy.

[35]

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Good Old Catboat

By Stuart Hopkins
Reprinted from *Good Old Boats*

At an age when many sailors retire, sell the house, move aboard, and go cruising, my wife, Dee, and I built a house, sold the boat, moved ashore for the first time in 25 years, and started a business. But we didn't walk inland with an oar over our shoulder; we "retired" on the shores of the Chesapeake, just to keep our options open. And while we learned about hammers and saws, we were each privately thinking about all that Chesapeake water. When we started talking about it, we discovered we knew exactly what kind of "retirement" boat we wanted:

- Very shallow draft (2' or less) to give us access to little-used marshy headwaters and other unspoiled Chesapeake niches, let us moor in our local creek, and use the primitive launch ramp there.
- Courageous sail area for the bay's light summer air, but on a divided rig for easy reduction in squalls and breezy weather.
- Accommodations for short cruises, with emphasis on staying out of the sun and bodily comfort generally, including good ventilation for summer and a wood stove for winter.
- Inboard power (for all those rivers).

Unfortunately, we knew of no such boat. But we had recollections of encounters with a couple of little catboats, Marshall 18 catboats, called Sanderlings, that impressed us with their abilities and possibilities. We saw one in the Gulf Stream, in reefing weather, making no more fuss than our deepwater ketch. We knew one in the Bahamas that could explore wherever we could take our sailing dinghy. In magazines, we found photos of Sanderlings and defaced them with sketches and doodles. Encouraged by the ease with which a pencil trans-

formed the little daysailer/overnighter into our idea of a comfortable, handy pocket cruiser, we decided we could work the same transmogrification on a real Sanderling, substituting a Sawsall, epoxy, and plywood for the pencil.

All we needed was a lonely, battered, decrepit (cheap!) edition of the design to operate on. Since Sanderlings have been in continuous production since the early 1960s, this would surely be possible.

Right off the bat, we found her. The voice on the other end of the phone in Florida said, "Hull and deck sound...otherwise not too good." No trailer. No equipment. No motor. Suspicious sponginess in plywood components like cockpit and bulkheads. Old sail. Built in 1966. Cheap. Just our meat.

A terrifying round trip on I-95 landed this econo-prize in our driveway.

Dee (a woman used to Brixham trawlers, Gloucester schooners, and deep-water yachts) stifled her reaction when she discovered we couldn't even sit upright below! Instead, she went to her studio and began some serious sketching and doodling. I (a sailmaker) rigged the boat where she lay on her trailer, and backed off a few yards to imagine how she would look as a yawl.

While mulling over several schemes, we took a mattock and removed almost 200 pounds of bad plywood cockpit seats, sole, and waterlogged foam, right down to a naked hull from the companionway aft. This made it easy to plan for an engine installation, tankage, storage, and comfort. The finished job included a lucky bargain, a 10-horse Kermath that had lain for many years, mothballed, in a local boatbuilding shop. We had no interest in shar-

ing an 18-footer with a diesel. This smooth, quiet antique went in without problems.

A cutout in the solid glass "deadwood" ahead of the rudder (Sawsall job) accommodated the stern bearing and prop. We measured for the beds by suspending the little engine in place from the boom. With an 11-gallon aluminum tank, blower, and electrics, we were beginning to look forward to poking up rivers and creeks in style.

We replaced the original benches with a U-shaped cockpit surrounding the engine box and introduced a bridge deck with big lockers and more lockers aft. We dropped the sole several inches for more leg room. Under the seats, outboard, was space for bins and sail bags held in place with removable fiddles.

Our more comfortable and useful cockpit (worked up out of CDX and epoxy) weighed about what we chopped out. A few pigs of lead ballast were removed to compensate for the motor.

We launched the *Dabbler* (named after the mallards that dabble in our local creek) for some cruising with a local club. The inboard and new cockpit were a great success, but otherwise the experience confirmed our opinion that we wanted to replace the single big sail with a divided rig. And, after a few nights cramped below, we could hardly wait to haul her out, grab the Sawsall, and take the lid off the sardine can.

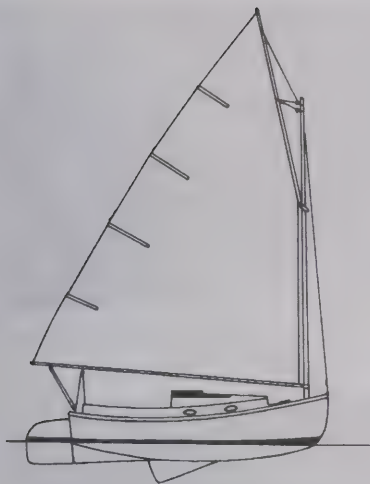
Doghouse cum main saloon

Some of our bold, even arrogant, sketches evolved from a doodle for a dodger. Why not make the dodger rigid and cut away the aft part of the cabin top so the hardtop effectively encloses a greatly enlarged cabin? Why not

One of a kind: *Dabbler* following the "transmogrification."

Before the refit: *Dabbler* as a Marshall Cat Sanderling.

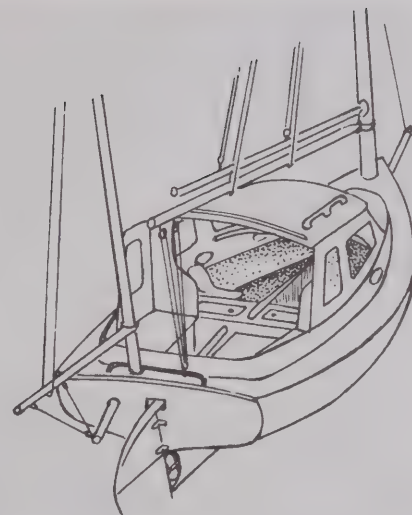




Original Marshall 18 Sanderling.



"Transmogrified Marshall 18," also known as *Dabblar*.



Sketch of revised interior.

provide standing headroom for the mate (5'5"), with a little "galley" on the new bridge deck? Why not have full sitting headroom on comfortable chairs aft of the bunks? Why not fit removable windows and screens? Why not extend the roof far enough aft to provide shade and spray protection for the helmsman?

A mockup in cheap 1/8" luan ply (which later served as templates and as a building mold for the final construction) proved there was no reason why not.

A few minutes of surgery liberated about 90 pounds of cabin top and bulkhead. Immediately, we could test with our bodies the thesis expressed on paper. Proof we could sit upright, surveying some lovely, lonely anchorage from the comfort within, spurred the work. The house was designed to join the existing structure across the cabin top a few inches forward of the original hatch opening with an epoxy fillet; outside the cabin sides and cockpit coamings, with a 2" overlap, epoxied and throughbolted.

We turned our backs on the local lumberyard for the deckhouse project and ordered expensive 3mm okoume marine ply to be laminated in place over the mockup to lock in the heavily cambered top and curved front and create the eyebrows that trap the removable polycarbonate windows. All the construction was done in a corner of my small sail loft between sailmaking jobs. We barely got it out the 8' wide doors! It dropped in place as neat as a cap on a pickup. Final weight was less than what had been removed with the Sawsall.

The new effective interior includes the bunks (as original), our "easy chairs" (cheap but comfortable plastic swivel-bottom fishermen's seats) port and starboard, the bridge deck, comprising "galley" with gimballed kero stove to starboard, solid-fuel cast iron Pet to port, and the forward half of the cockpit. At anchor, if desired, the fitted Sunbrella aft closure snaps in place, enlarging the "interior" to include practically the whole boat. In cold or wet (and on the mooring) the large screened opening in this closure is covered with a vinyl window. Otherwise, the screen liberates the breeze that comes in the forehatch and opened doghouse windows.

Eventually, controls for the main and roller furling jib were brought into the house to jam cleats on the shelf formed by the little

bit of cabin top inside. Raising, dousing, and reefing the main are all done from "below" *standing up!* Ditto deploying and furling the jib. What joy! Which brings us to:

The rig

There is no novelty in the cat yawl rig. The aim is to easily have more sail area when you want it and less when you want it in order to balance the boat under almost any condition. We have about 25 percent more sail area in the three working sails than the original cat rig. From the comfort of the cockpit, we can set a mizzen stays'l and be flying 375 square feet. In races, we have been able to astonish the locals with five sails.

The new rig satisfied all our expectations. Sails can be adjusted to tame weather helm (a notorious fault of catboats) or dropped (instead of reefing, notoriously difficult in catboats) to suit the breeze. In gradually increasing wind, the mizzen might come down to lighten the helm. In a squall, we drop the main and stay in comfortable control under jib and jigger. Under this rig, she will go to windward in 15 or 20 knots with just a little weather helm, broad reach with almost neutral helm, and self steer indefinitely downwind with the mizzen broad off and the jib flattened in.

An unexpected but welcome bonus is that when anchored by her long snout, the windage in the house and mizzenmast makes her lie to the wind like an arrow, whereas catboats are known to wander restlessly at anchor.

Engineering was fairly straightforward. The main boom was raised (to clear the house-top) and shortened (to clear the mizzen). Sawsall holes accommodate the mizzenmast, bowsprit, and bumpkin. The latter can be removed for trailering, and the 'sprit just clears the towing vehicle. But we would make it retractable, if we had it to do over.

The new spars are Schedule 10 aluminum pipe, fitted with tapered Douglas fir inserts to complete the finished lengths and help fool the eye, while providing meat for sheaves, eyebolts, anchor rollers, and so on. The mizzen steps easily by hand. It can be temporarily relocated to a special hole in the foredeck (which doubles as the anchor rode deck pipe) where it serves as a ginpole for stepping the main.

Finally, the sailmaker gets into the act. Since my business is making traditional sails,

the suit for the new rig presented no unusual difficulties. We chose Egyptian Dacron for a good color scheme, and because it has a nice, moderately soft hand. The full battens may look modern, but Nat Herreshoff used them on a little cat yawl of his own way back when. They help flatten and control the very-low-aspect main and make it stack neatly in the lazy-jacks. This is also ideal for the mizzen, which must be kept very flat when sailing and when left standing at anchor. A half-wishbone sprit boom controls mizzen shape on all points of sail. The jib furls on its own braided Dacron luff rope, which acts as a forestay.

Would we do it again? It was exciting work making dramatic changes, spiced with moments of delicious anticipation and delicious satisfaction when we got what we hoped for. The final product is a great, very small cruising machine, in which we have prowled both shores and many tributaries of the bay, sailing in comfort and safety, holding our own with bigger boats in fair weather and foul (we take shortcuts), yet coming to anchor in the marshes while the bigger boats tough it out with the crowds.

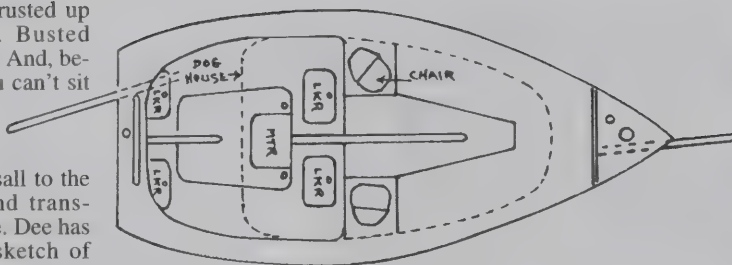
In between all the fun, we had the grubwork of any restoration: things like removing 25 years of bottom paint; repairing centerboards and rudders, coamings and rubrails; cleaning, sanding, and refinishing everything; rebedding everything.

We might have been spared much of this work if we started with a younger, well-maintained hull. But who would take a Sawsall to a Bristol-condition late-model boat, even if they could afford it? Much better to do surgery in good conscience when the patient is already teetering on the brink.

Would we do it again? Well, ah...actually, we *are* doing it again. It's the fault of a friend who had a Marshall 22 catboat (twice the displacement of the 18-footer, but only 6" more draft). He had an epiphany of some kind and all at once wanted to move to the mountains. His house sold out from under him before he had a chance to advertise the boat. Would we...as a favor...at a distress price...?

"She's 30 years old," he said, "but basically sound, except for a few little things..." She's got that solid old pre-blister hull, but rot in the cockpit and splits in the rail. Corroded

throughhulls and rusted up steering system. Busted hatches. Tired sail. And, believe it or not, you can't sit upright below! Just our meat. No reason why not to take a Sawsall to the poor old dear and transmogrify her a little. Dee has already made a sketch of what we think she'll look like.



Dabbler's modified interior.



Demolition: out come 200 pounds of rotten and waterlogged cockpit.



The new cabintop takes shape in the sail loft.



Dabbler's deckhouse is in place, the engine box removed, the bridge deck lockers installed.

Dabbler out cruising with first mate Dee Carstarphen. The transmogrification accomplished standing headroom with a great view through large windows.

Dabbler's removable, waterproof, polycarbonate windows.



A Man Carrying Model Tug

By Weston Farmer
(From *Mechanical Packaging Magazine* ca 1930)



While the making of magazines happens to be this writer's business, naval architecture has for many years been my hobby. Of late years the study of small boats, the tabloid kind, has intrigued me, and way back behind all of the small boats it has been my pleasure to study out and plan, the matter of cooking up a small steam model tug has been looking for an outlet. Here she is, and her name is *Lady Mary*.

A long time ago, as all boys do, I planned a lot of things which some day I would reduce to practice just to have fun with. Finally along came the *Packmag* and the Experiment Station, and I'm running plans of *Lady Mary* for those of you who may have had similar dreams.

She is a little fellow, and built in accordance with launch practice. Her keel is white oak sided 2" and her frames are 7/8" white oak square, and on 9" centers. She'll displace about 1,000lbs without crew, and she carries the little Howard boiler of 1/2hp and the Howard engine of 1/2hp.

This may not sound like much power, but as with all forms of steam, the power curve is very flat and constant, and no amount of horn work seems to cut down the turning effort which you can get with a steam engine. For the fun of the thing, I have shown the engine hooked up with a 3-1 reduction gear which will allow of high piston speed, and hence good steam consumption at the same time a large, slow turning wheel is being used.

The hull is 13-1/2' x 4-1/2' ft. x 26" draft. The aft grating is used for a seat for the engineer and he has the steam throttle and pressure gauge in front of him at all times.

To divide up the work among the crew who will man this little hooker, I've seen to it the helmsman must keep up steam. *Lady Mary*, if she is built, will be used on Snug Harbor at Isle Royale in Lake Superior, where two fine youngsters I know will no doubt while away grand hours playing at shipping with her. They'll back and fill among the rowboats strung out in the bay at anchor, and pop ashore occasionally for a raid on the sack of steam coal which will be shipped in from Duluth.



Here is *Lady Mary* as she will appear in the water alongside a wharf, steamed up ready for adventure. What boy of 8 to 80 couldn't have a circus running this little ship, complete as she is in boiler, engine, and bunkers? Just like a big tug, but midget in size.

We've ordered a boiler and the engine has been built from Howard Engine & Mfg. Co.'s castings at the Experiment Station.

In steaming, the boiler was found to raise 60lbs of steam in five minutes from a cold start with a fire built from mahogany and spruce taken from refuse in the building of our hydroplane, *Wink*. The fire was dry and fast, and a short length of 5" stove pipe about 4' long was all that was needed to create a good draft.

The engine turns about 900rpm and pulls like a Trojan. The engine weighs about 80lbs, and the boiler, with her 21 tubes, weighs about 200lbs with water.

A 100lb sack of coal should steam her all day long, so you see she'll be economical. I expect to get a huge kick out of seeing her little funnel belch black smoke as the fire is tended, and as the *Lady Mary* makes for a not-so-distant point on the bay.

The boiler has a little pop-valve, which will be shrouded and sent up the stack, so that when she blows off, there will not even be dripping water in the hull. Of course, you can't keep a steamboat clean, but what of it? Isn't that part of the fun, like playing with a model steam railway?

For two youngsters, not over 85lbs. in weight, she'll carry the cargo on sheltered bays without its making a bit of difference to her performance. She'll clock off about 4-5 miles an hour, which is scale speed, and she will have real pulling power with her big, slow turning wheel.

The back grating is a seat, and in the fresh air wheel house there is a seat for the wheelsman. Also a bunker for 100lbs of soft coal, the blackest and belchiest kind I can buy. This will keep the helmsman busy.

Not shown on the drawing will be two steam whistles. One will be a long tri-tone on the stack, which for all its disproportionate size will give a man sized blast. Nothing like a steam whistle to give one a feeling of high importance. Then there'll be a little jerk whistle for the engineer. One for stop or start, two for reverse, three for 3/4 throttle, and four for "all you've got".

Such a little boat has untold value in mak-

ing youngsters conscious of the age of steam, of what steam will do, and what can be expected of it. From the top of her stack to the shoe on *Lady Mary's* keel, there is educative value which is of the most practical kind, it teaches through actual experience.

Over in Britain, our English cousins go in strongly for models, and though they seldom contemplate anything as ambitious as this man carrying model tug, they full well realize that machinery and structures of all kinds can just as well be studied in miniature as in the prototype, and at infinitely less expense.

Full size stuff turns out well only after the ability to design it has broken its eye teeth through expensive cut and try, and don't let any would-be engineer tell you otherwise. Consequently the building of a small boat can afford a laboratory for inexpensive cut and try that can be had in no other way. I've specialized in the smaller type of boat in my designing hobby of late years, because they're the hardest kind of boat to design.

Any sap can design larger stuff if he has any experience behind him whatever, but it takes study to get the small stuff right, and I expect to learn a lot from the performance and the parallels to be learned from *Lady Mary*, semi-adult toy though she is. That is why members of a miniature navy are so valuable.

The engine I have shown here is the little Howard as previously mentioned. This is a slide D valve engine of 2-1/2" bore x 4" stroke. It is reversible by a series of valves.

For this purpose a spring was put in to back the D valve so that the reversal of pressure would not float the valve away from its face. Not as satisfactory as a Stevenson reversing link, but it will do for emergency work very nicely.

Mayhap in some future issue of the *Packmag* we'll have more to report, just as we've had on the Cross Country Twin and the Midget Seaplane we promised in the first issue. Meanwhile, we'll keep you posted. Here's a starter, and a well worked out suggestion for a lot of fun which will be had at the magazine's expense. So climb aboard, and don't miss any issue of this magazine, and we'll see you later!



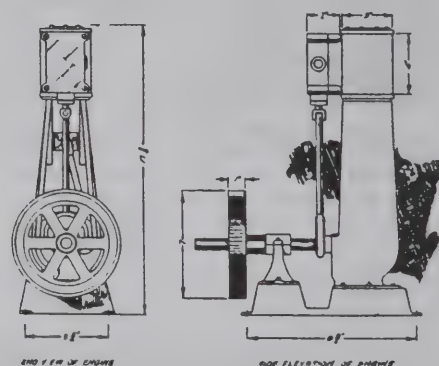
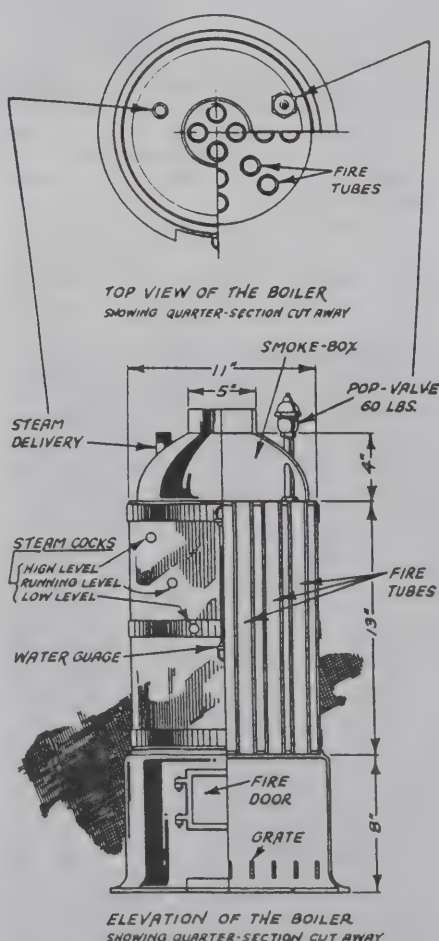
Our English cousins know full well the appeal of the miniature, and here is a cargo of grown-up model enthusiasts who have been enjoying the novel adventure of being towed about an English bay by a 5' steam model of a British tug. The little fellow lugs 1000 lbs. at the towline at 4 mph.

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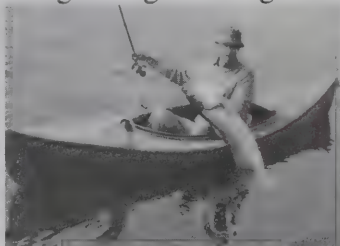
1/2 hp Boiler Section



This drawing shows the disposition of the parts as well as the major dimensions of the Howard 1/2 hp vertical launch engine which Sam Wing will use in the tug model *Lady Mary*, which he is building at the Experiment Station.

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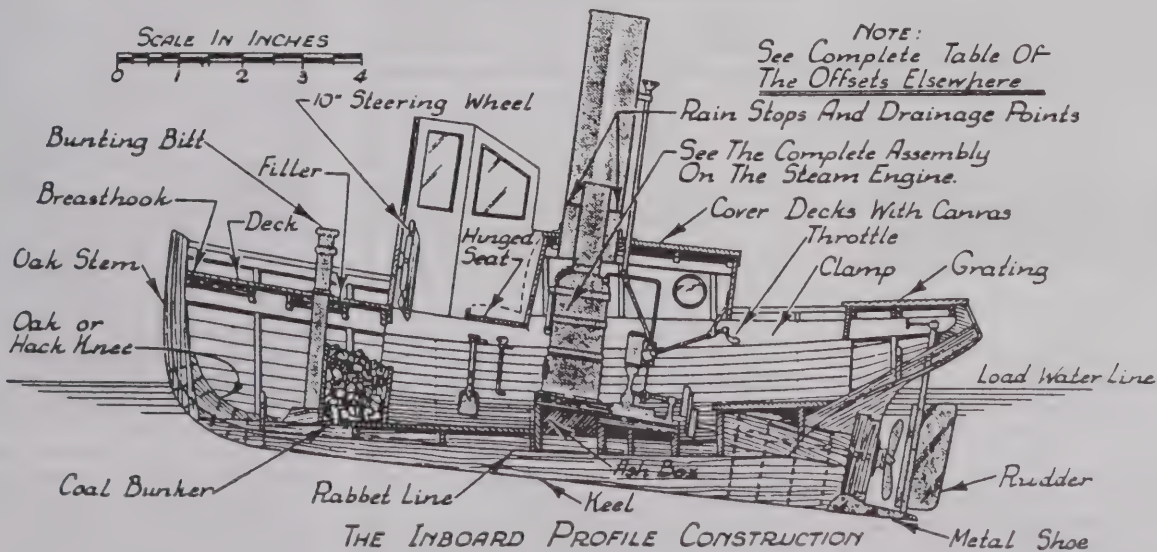
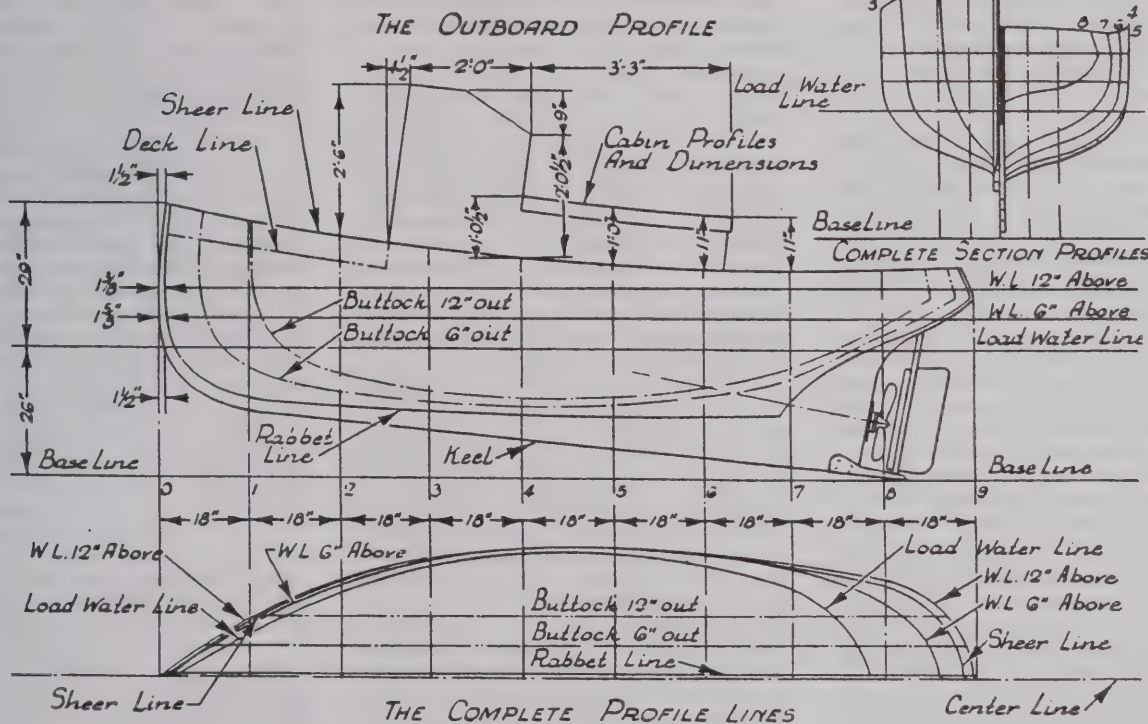
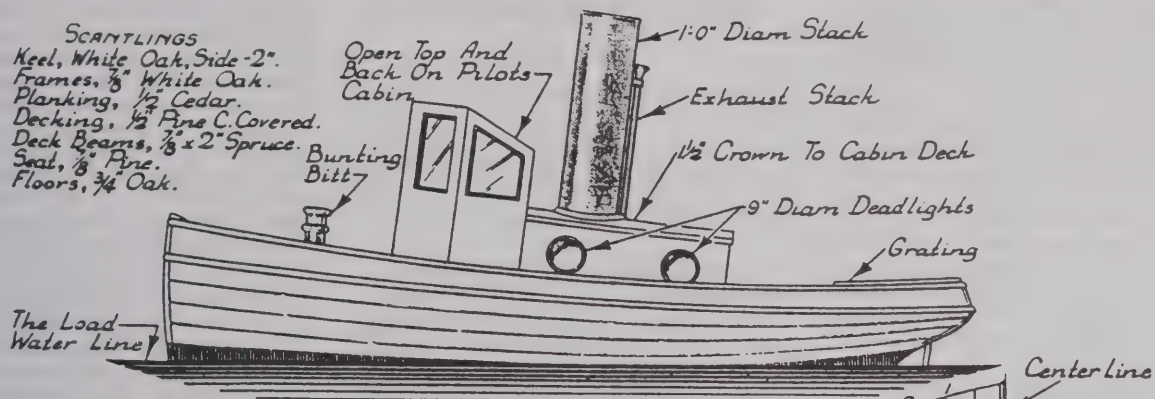
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19-LB TO 29-LB MODELS

Editor Comments: Weston Farmer was at the time editor of Fawcett's *Modern Mechanix Magazine*. His own publishing venture, *Mechanical Packaging Magazine* (Packmag for short) met an early demise as the Great Depression soon moved in. Many of Farmer's designs and ideas are expressed in his marvelously readable prose in his book, *From My Old Boat Shop, One Lung Engines, Fantail Launches & Other Marine Delights*. Copies of this book, a beautiful hardcover 8-1/2" x 11" size with 356 pages loaded with drawings, photos and plans, republished by Elliott Bay Press, can be ordered from Farmer's son at Weston Farmer Associates, 18970 Azure Rd., Wayzata, MN 55391, (612) 473-2360.

SCANTLINGS
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 Decking, $\frac{1}{2}$ " Pine C. Covered.
 Deck Beams, $\frac{3}{8}$ " x 2" Spruce.
 Seat, $\frac{3}{8}$ " Pine.
 Floors, $\frac{3}{4}$ " Oak.



The outboard profile and the lines as well as the inboard construction plan are shown in this drawing. The small steam engine of 1/2 hp has been shown linked to a 3-1 reduction gear so that a large wheel might be used, but it can be a direct line drive if need be.

My sketch in the last issue showing the wave length at hull speed was a little too casual; the wave length should have been the same as the waterline length rather than longer. Did you spot this?

While on the subject of hull speed, it might be pertinent to mention the magic number 1.34 that comes from the speed length ratio at which hull speed occurs in displacement craft. Thus a 160" LWL boat will have a hull speed equal to the square root of $16 \times 1.34 = 5.36$ knots. If we relate this to canoe/kayak design it becomes fairly obvious that the tourist is not likely to achieve hull speed; more normally one might expect about 3 to 4 knots.

The wave length is dependent only upon the speed of the craft, not its length, thus it is not until we try to push our canoe/kayak at more than touring speeds that we begin to encounter seriously the effect of wave resistance. In our 160" boat the resistance created by the wave formation is largely encountered as hull speed is approached and then grows rapidly if the speed is increased further. As speed increases so the bow wave moves aft to become embroiled with the maximum beam to further increase the water disturbance; greater speed will induce the boat to plane, assuming the hull shape is suitable. It is worth noting that short planing hulls reach the plane at a lower speed than will a longer hull, but not by human power!

So far in this series we have been discussing craft which utilize only their crew as ballast. This has been helpful because the crew can be made to sit low (as in a kayak) to promote stability in a narrow beam, or perched on a gunwale to balance a spread of sail in a dinghy. Let us consider this need to balance the sail. If the sail was sufficiently small a stable dinghy might have enough form stability to support it in all the wind strengths the normal dinghy sailor would sail in. There must be a snag? Well, it would not be very exciting but more than that, a sailing boat must have enough power to go to windward and tack. A sail small enough not to induce a serious capsizing moment would lack that power, especially in the usual range of wind speeds in which dinghies sail. So even cruising dinghies have to be, in effect, over-canvassed except in

Back to the Drawing Board

(formerly Design Rules – OK!)

Part 8

By Dennis Davis

Reprinted from *Afloat!*

very light conditions, otherwise they would hardly function.

Once we get beyond the size where the crew can be used for primary balance, the boat has to be ballasted to counteract the capsizing moment applied by the sails. This concept brings in a whole new range of design criteria with regard to stability, although there remains the basic desirability of keeping the centre of gravity low.

As already noted, ballasted sailing craft may well be designed to plane; in fact, they may look like overgrown dinghies, possibly with a fixed fin keel. However, they differ from dinghies in that they will sink if swamped unless they are fitted with a sufficient amount of buoyancy material or sealed compartments. Some modern designs do have double skin hulls with buoyancy material between them. This may be fine until the hull is holed when all kinds of problems occur; not least what to do with the water between the skins.

From the designer's viewpoint, ballasting a sailboat is relatively straightforward. The weight of the hull, gear, and crew is calculated and the DWL is set along with the displacement for this waterline. The difference between the hull etc. weight and the displacement equals the ballast weight. The desirable ratio of the ballast to the displacement will vary according to the type of yacht, with light displacement craft having a ratio of about 35% and heavy ones around 55%.

The position of the ballast is found by working out the longitudinal centre of buoyancy (LCB) and placing the ballast each side of this. Obviously, if ballast is being fitted into the bilges, it must be arranged so the LCB and longitudinal centre of gravity coincide, other-

wise the boat will trim unevenly. In practice, in a fixed keel yacht most, if not all, of the ballast is placed in the keel; if a lifting keel is fitted, the ballast will probably be split between the keel and bilges. In fact, even with fixed keel craft some ballast is often kept for the bilges to enable the boat to be trimmed if she does not float according to the DWL.

If our hypothetical yacht has a displacement of 2000 lbs., we might expect at least some 700 lbs. of that to be ballast; i.e., 35%. With a ballasted fin keel, it will be necessary to calculate its LCG to ensure this, with the hull etc. gear weight balancing the displacement. This is done by taking the hull etc. weight, 1300 lbs. (2000 - 700) times the LCG of the hull from a fixed line, normally station 0; let us say $1300 \times 10'$. The same calculation is done for the displacement, 2000 lbs. times the distance of the LCB from station 0; say $2000 \times 9'$. Then the LCG of the keel will need to be $2000 \times 9 - 1300 \times 10 / 700 = 18000 - 13000 / 700 = 5000 / 700 = 7.14'$ or about $72''$ aft of station 0.

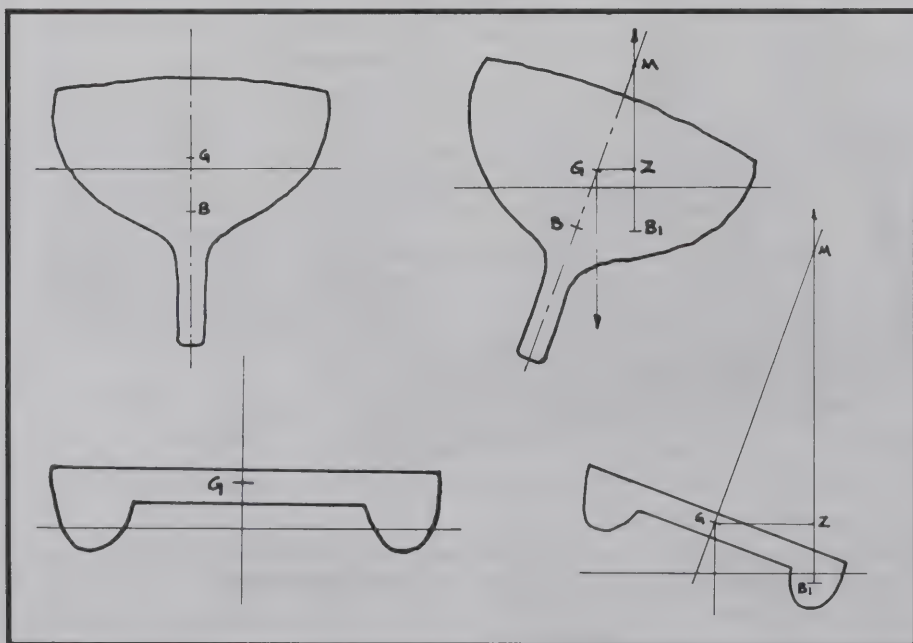
The ballast ratio has a direct effect upon the stability of the craft and some effect upon the way it is going to handle. Bear in mind when we are discussing stability that this can mean both transverse or lateral; i.e., from left to right in the heeling plane, and longitudinal; i.e., in the fore and aft pitching plane. Where the ballast is positioned also has its effect, low down in a deep, heavy craft will produce a vastly different motion in a sea than inboard ballast in a shallow, wide, modern hull. Producing stability curves is beyond our scope at this stage but working out the transverse or lateral stability is less of a problem. This brings in the term "metacentre" (M) which simply relates to the relationship between the c of g (G) and c of b (B) of the craft concerned. More specifically the metacentre is the point on a vertical line bisecting the hull that is intersected by the vertical line through B₁ when the yacht heels.

If the yacht is on an even keel, G will be vertically in line with B and M will be on the same line and normally some way above G. When the yacht heels, G remains in the same position (unless there is a serious weight shift), while B moves as the underwater shape changes; thus the vertical between B and M swings to one side to give us B₁. The sketches illustrate this.

G always acts downward with B its equal and opposite; if B moves to one side to become B₁ we then get a righting moment acting upward through the metacentre. So long as G-Z is a positive number the boat is self-righting; as soon as it becomes negative the righting moment is lost and self-righting becomes impossible. It will be seen that, provided the hull is sealed, a suitably ballasted keel boat can be self righting at all angles of heel, assuming instability when totally inverted. This can be a problem with the wide, shallow canoe bodies and fin keels of some modern yachts; they become stable when inverted and thus remain so until turned by wind and wave, or possibly the efforts of their crews.

Multihulls also come into this category. You will note that the problems involved in finding the vertical centre of gravity and centre of buoyancy have not been explained. Have a think about how these might be ascertained and we shall consider the possibilities in the next issue.

(To Be Continued)



Anthony Platt [aplatt@lineone.net] sent me this wonderful article which his late brother Brian Platt wrote about 1960. It was never published, though it's certainly as good as anything that has seen print. This is a thoughtful and lucid essay accompanied by helpful drawings and photos. It seems as if Brian would have been a fine fellow to sit with and talk over the good and bad points of the Chinese rig.

Anthony has provided Brian's bio: "Following college, Brian joined the Malayan Civil Service in 1952 and was sent to Kuala Lumpur. He was soon given a remote country district to look after and loved the job. But when independence came in 1957, he opted to take a leaving gratuity that he promptly spent on a boat to take him to Canada where he wanted to live and work.

This first boat, *Chempaka*, was a disaster, though he struggled as far as Manila from his starting point, Singapore. Determined to continue, he moved to Hong Kong and had a Chinese junk built. *High Tea* (Cantonese, it seems, for Emperor of the Seas) got him eventually, via Okinawa and Japan, to Eureka, California on Christmas Day 1959, and then finally San Francisco.

It was a difficult journey with many near disasters along the way, but he and the boat made it in good shape and he became an enthusiastic fan of the junk rig. He also produced a highly readable book, *Parallel 40 North to Eureka*, about the two voyages which, for reasons unknown, never appeared during his lifetime (he died in 1989). His brother Anthony published the book posthumously last year.

I very much appreciate what you're doing to make sailing people aware of Brian's great achievement.

Warmest regards, Anthony."



Brian Platt aboard *High Tea*.

The Chinese Sail

Nobody could have designed the Chinese Sail, if only for fear of being laughed at. A device so elaborate and clumsy in conception yet so simple and handy in operation could only have evolved through trial and error. It is indifference rather than difficulty that has caused Chinese sailing craft to be so little studied in the West, but the difficulties themselves are formidable enough.

The Chinese Sail

Part 1

By Brian Platt
Copyright © Anthony Platt 2001
Edited by Craig O'Donnell

For a start there have probably always been more varieties of sailing craft in China than in all the rest of the world put together. Furthermore, "the study of everything connected with the Chinese junk is complicated by the most vexatious contradictions. No sooner is an apparent solution found, or a rule permitting of a particular classification arrived at, than along comes an exception of such a formidable nature as to wreck all previous conclusions."

So wrote G.R.G. Worcester, formerly of the China Customs. He is one of the very few Europeans to have given the subject some of the attention that it would seem to deserve.

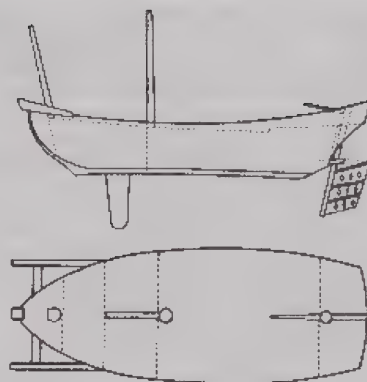
In my small way I found the same difficulty and, for that reason, merely relate what I learnt from *High Tea* and from what I had seen of Hong Kong junks before I set sail. The letters E&OE (errors and omissions excepted) should be read beside any general statement I may make about the way things are arranged aboard Chinese boats.

Another difficulty I met with was the fact that some parts of the Chinese rig have no equivalent in the West. We have no name for them. I have done my best to adapt conventional terms, though some of those may be not too familiar to modern yachtsmen, but where I could find no suitable term I have had to invent my own.

The Masts, Hull, and Standing Rigging

The Chinese Sail may be defined basically as a fully-battened balanced lugsail. There is one sail to each mast. Other sails may sometimes be rigged on booms or between the masts but a two-masted vessel normally carries two sails, a three-master three sails, etc. The sailing junks around Hong Kong generally have two or three masts, not more. The foremast is stepped right in the bows, the mainmast about a third of the way aft. If there is a mizzen, the construction of the Chinese rudder generally prevents it from being stepped in the center line, in which case it is stepped to starboard.

A description of the rig is not complete without some description of the hull that carries it, and particularly so with the Chinese junk that is very much an integrated craft. There is no false-keel on Chinese sailing boats. Instead there is a great barn door rudder hoisted in chocks which, when lowered, extends well below the level of the keel. To some extent this acts as a centerboard. It can be raised and lowered to adjust the balance when sailing and when beached. When lying head-to-wind under a sea anchor the whole rudder can be lifted clear of the water. On the Hong Kong styles of junk there is frequently a projecting forefoot where the stem joins the keel, presumably to balance the underwater grip of the rudder. In addition most junks up to about 60' overall have a daggerboard between the mainmast and the foremast.



General hull design of two-masted Hong Kong junk (no particular style) illustrating forefoot, dagger plate, rudder, and catheads. The dotted lines indicate some of the watertight bulkheads to show how they are disposed to distribute the lateral strain of the masts and dagger plate.

Inside, the hull is built around a system of watertight compartments. Whereas additional seaworthiness may be a consequence of this type of construction, I doubt whether it was ever the object. The Chinese hull (if we are speaking of the seagoing varieties) is a seaworthy shape and in normal circumstances has no need for such aids and the Chinese boatman, for his part, will rarely spend money on anything which he does not consider strictly necessary.

The purpose of the bulkhead construction, I think, is twofold, structural strength and working capacity. Different types of cargo or the consignments of different customers can be isolated from each other in the different holds. On fishing boats some of the compartments are filled with water to keep the bait or catch alive.



High Tea, stern view.

The large stern of the Chinese junk provides a working and living area, which is frequently extended even further with an overhang. Indeed, if there is a mizzen mast the overhang is essential to stay it and to work the sheets. A couple of catheads that project on either side of the bow are linked by a cross-piece and serve, on Hong Kong junks, another multiple purpose, to stay the foremast, to ship the anchors (whereby I justify the use of the term "cathead"), and perhaps also to provide a working platform at the bow.

In general the standing rigging of the junk appears unbelievably flimsy, but in fact the nature of the Chinese sail imposes such an

evenly distributed strain that heavy rigging does not seem to be necessary. The big junks of northern China often carried no standing rigging at all, the masts being strengthened instead with laminating strips clamped on by iron bands.

With an unstayed mast the collar, where it passes through the deck, will act as a fulcrum and the butt of the mast will work on the keel like a crowbar, but the junks of northern China did not even have a keel, merely a thicker plank down the centre to take the mast stepping! The portion of the mast below decks, however, was braced against the system of internal bulkheads. The bulkhead type of construction not only would have made for a rigid frame but must evidently have distributed this leverage in the same way as standing rigging; perhaps more efficiently.



High Tea anchored.

All the masts have a forward rake which, with the high poop, give the vessel the appearance of "slipping downhill." This creates the impression that the junk would bury her bows in a head sea, but I found it to be quite illusory. Some helicopters create the same impression that they are flying into the ground! The reason for the forward rake of the masts is probably to cause the sails to swing outboard in light winds. The rake of the foremast is much more pronounced than that of the others. Acting half as a mast, half as a bowsprit, it increases the sail area and brings the centre of effort forward. Another effect is to cause the foresail to "goosewing" of its own accord when running before the wind.

Charles Jarrett said, "The forward rake of the mast takes any viciousness out of a gybe by making the sail swing uphill; also, if the sail does succeed in gybing, as soon as the after part gets into the lee of the mainsail, the balance part forward of the mast is swinging into the wind, an action which so deadens the motion of the sail that, as a rule, it comes back to its original setting." (*Yachting Monthly*, 1924)



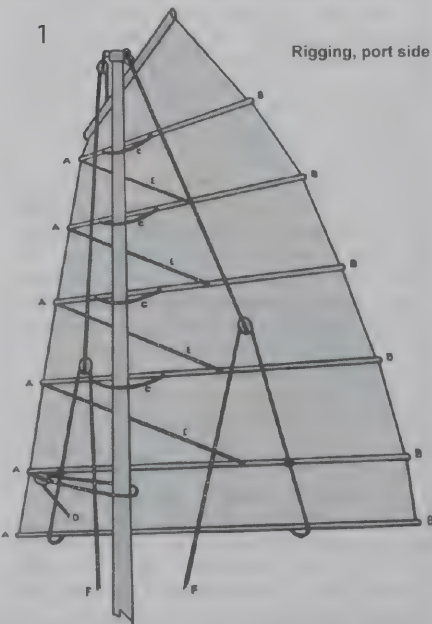
High Tea's Hong Kong Sailing Trials.

The Sail

On Hong Kong junks the sail hangs always to starboard of the mast, though this varies in different parts of China. Sailing to windward, the lugsail tends to be more efficient on the tack where it lies away from the mast than when it lies against it, which may explain why in some areas of China the mainsail is hung to one side and the other sails to the other, to give equivalent efficiency on both tacks.

Possibly the local preference was conditioned in the first instance by the prevailing winds. In the South China Sea they blow half the year from the northeast and half from the southwest and the fishing junks from Hong Kong would tend to sail east out to sea and west back home, so that when sailing close-hauled they would nearly always be on the port tack; hence the sails are hung to starboard.

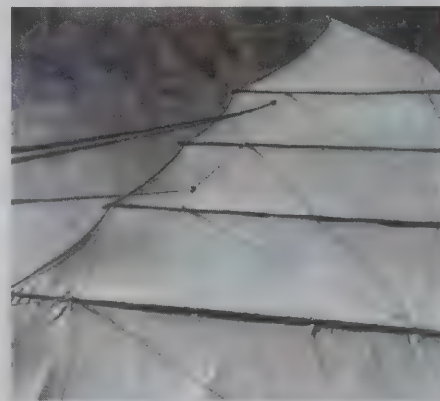
The battens (A-B in Diagram 1) are rigid lengths of bamboo with very little taper or flexibility. They are attached to the port side of the sail to take most of the chafe against the mast when on the starboard tack. On the starboard side, sandwiching the sail to the batten, there is usually a thin slat of bamboo; i.e., instead of the batten being held in a pocket as in Western rigs the battens are on the outside and the sail is held between them. The slat prevents the sail from bellying between its points of attachment to the battens and also acts as a chafing strip when the sail rubs against the shrouds.



On the port side of each batten there is a parrel (C) around the mast which holds the sail against the mast when on the port tack. Insofar as there is a "boom" at all on the Chinese sail, it is not the lowest batten but the one above it. The distance between the true lowermost battens is only about half that between the others and, in any case, that portion of the sail is usually brailed up to enable the helmsman to see underneath.

Even when the sail is fully extended the lowest panel seems to do hardly any work. It has no parrel to hold it against the mast at its forward end and sometimes no sheet at its after end, so that on the port tack it hangs loosely to leeward. That portion of the sail might be described as an appendix, the real foot of the sail being at the lowest batten but one, which I will call the "boom."

To the forward end of the boom there is an inhaul (D) by which the distance of the tack forward of the mast can be adjusted (often called the boom parrel). The sail's centre of gravity, suspended from the halliard, is of course well aft of the mast and the weight of each batten tends to push forward. If unchecked the luff of the sail would be a convex line and there would be a transverse strain on the sailcloth between each batten. To control this a line or wire (E) runs from the forward end of each batten to about the centre of the batten below it. The weight of each batten hangs downward and forward and the lines at "E" (which I term "checks") opposed the forward thrust of the higher batten to the downward thrust of the lower.



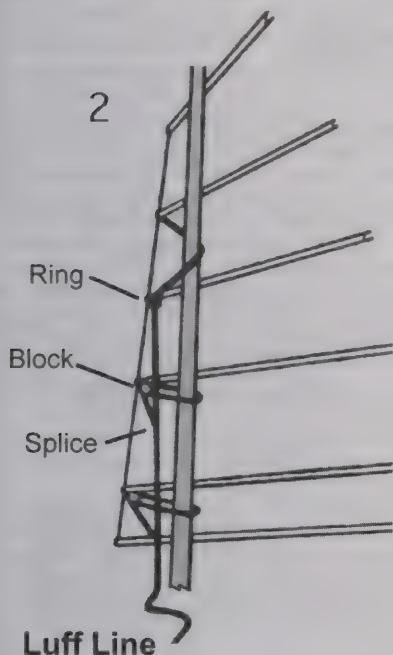
Excellent view up the mainsail, starboard side. Note the bamboo slats on this side of the sail which run contiguous with the battens on the port side. Note the way the sheetlets are attached forward of the leech so that they do not foul the ends of the battens when going about.

Aboard *High Tea* I found that the checking action was not complete and there was still some convex line to the luff, not only pulling the sail out of shape (as the luff had been cut to fall straight) but causing the forward end of the battens sometimes to foul the shrouds. To control this tendency, I evolved a luff-line as illustrated in Diagram 2.

It worked very effectively and I thought I had made a real contribution to the Chinese rig until I discovered later that some north Chinese junks have an arrangement of combined parrel and luff-line to serve just that purpose!

The foot of the sail is carried on two buntlines (F), one forward and one aft of the mast (also called topping lifts or lazyjacks).

Each is a continuous rope, one end spliced to a block, the other running up through a pulley at the masthead, down the other side of the sail, round the foot, up through the block on the other end and thence down to a cleat. Where it passes the boom it is seized to a ring to prevent it from slipping.



The buntlines take the weight of the sail and battens when it is reefed or furled. This arrangement provides a purchase which is useful to take the weight of the heavier sails or in a strong wind. Furthermore, they can brail up the foot of the sail, as another way of reefing or to enable the helmsman to see underneath, or to clear an awning or bulky cargo. When reefing or furling the sail drops down within the buntlines and is cradled in the curve of them like a Venetian blind. There are no reef points to tie and no need for them. Reefing is achieved by letting go a few feet of halliard until the lower battens lie on each other.

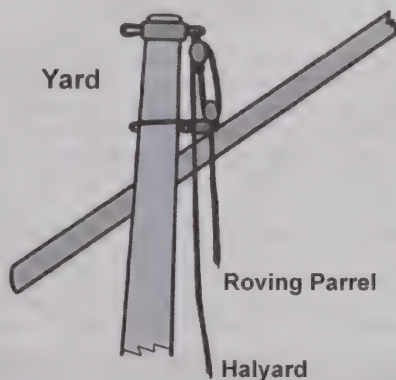


Sampan running before breeze in Hong Kong harbour, an illustration of how sail is reefed. This particular hull shows strong evidence of Western influence though the rig is Chinese.

If it is blowing very hard the wind may belly out the panel in between and prevent the battens from meeting properly. But this is very simply corrected by pulling up the foot of the sail a few inches with the buntline.

Whereas the battens are bamboo, the yard of a Chinese sail is wood. It is possible that because the whole weight of the sail is suspended from the halliard at one point bamboo might not be strong enough, or it may be that a heavier spar is wanted along the head to bring the sail down faster. This would particularly apply to the Hong Kong sail and its comparatively short yard.

The arrangements connecting the yard with the mast are shown next. There is one halliard (no peak halliard) and a roving parrel (also called running yard parrel) is led from the same place on the yard as the halliard, passing round the mast, back through a block and down.



When raising or lowering sail it is necessary to adjust this line. Such, at least, was the arrangement as first rigged aboard *High Tea*. It had the merits common to the Chinese rig of low capital cost and ease of repair, but I found the extra line a nuisance to adjust. I experimented, therefore, with a brass ring and wooden parrel balls that encircled the mast and was shackled to the yard at the point where they crossed (somewhat forward of the halliard). It worked quite efficiently but being hard it tended to chew up the masthead, so I improved on it with a collar made of old fire hose liberally coated with paraffin wax to provide stiffness and lubrication. At either end it was riveted to a metal triangle and a bell shackle passed through the triangles linked it to the yard. It worked very well.

(To Be Continued)



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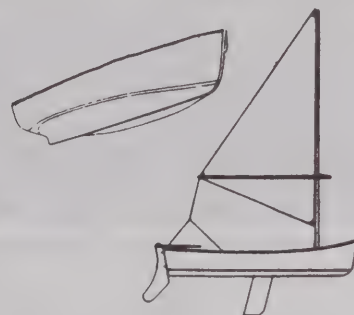
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Thirty-odd years ago, the magazine then called *Popular Boating*, which rejoiced in a 200,000 circulation, commissioned this design as an attempt to promote some imaginative thinking in production power boat design. I wrote some fiction meant to show that with some luck on the weather a boat like this could run from Connecticut to Gloucester in a long day's passage without desperately exhausting a family crew. The editors gave it a good spread, Peter Duff made the nice model, and a 70% model of it, outboard powered with a conventional layout, was built and performed well, especially in rough water. Among other things the test boat showed that there was enough buoyancy forward to make the bowrider layout safe. About that time there had been a couple of well-publicized sinkings of old bow-cockpit cruisers, but they were types with low and wall-sided bows.

Nothing more came of it, unless it had something to do with the introduction of bowrider utilities some years later. The magazine sold some sets of plans, but as far as we

Bolger on Design

Bowrider Power Cruiser Design #185 25'6" x 10'0"

know, no boat was built from them. The design still seems to have some merit for space efficiency though it was accomplished by spreading some of the major weights into the ends of the boat, engine (an Interceptor Ford V8) aft, the rather large fuel tank and the people forward. The forward cockpit was intended to give a better view for everybody than was then, or is now, usual, and it could be roomy in an area that would not be roomy for a cabin. Passengers were expected to ride in the cabin in rough water; a transparent band

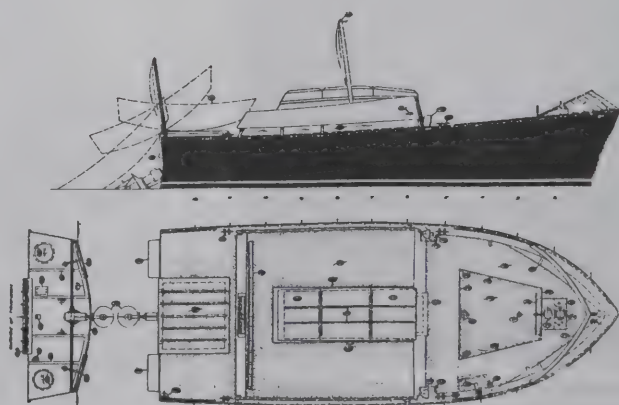
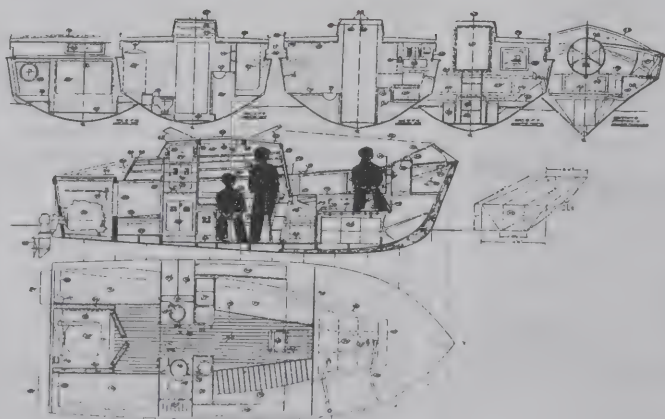
along the side was placed at about eye level to avoid an imprisoned effect. The helmsman would stand up, with knees flexed and the big smooth-rim wheel to hold on to. At any rate he would have a perfect view ahead.

In a later layout something like this, a helm position was worked into the midships cabin where the head sea motion is a little less violent. The assumption was that a family boat wouldn't go far or often against a steep chop of the kind that would make the forward end of the boat very uncomfortable. She was intended to be a fairweather boat but one in which being caught out in anything that could blow up suddenly wouldn't involve anything worse than discomfort.

At the time, routine trailer hauling of boats this size and weight was unusual, so the 10' breadth wasn't seen as a serious drawback. Not having to cramp the breadth certainly improved the looks and running qualities, but it would be possible to squeeze her down by a foot-and-a-half-plus without very much degrading her. The weights are all carried low in the boat so she could be narrower without stability becoming a problem.

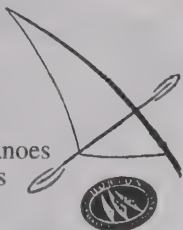
Note the large sunbathing areas and handy small-boat location, for two boats as easily as one, so somebody could go ashore without marooning those staying on board. The boats would have been very light 7-1/2' punts, with enough deck at the aft end to be launched and recovered in the unceremonious fashion diagrammed.

One nice quality the design did certainly offer, isolation of machinery noise. Even in the main cabin there are three partitions, one heavily insulated, between people and engine compartment (which is nevertheless uncramped and accessible). In the cockpit all that could be heard is the bow wave. And with her very sharp bow that would not be very noisy.



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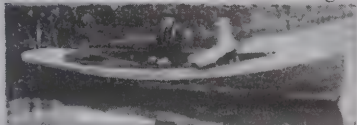


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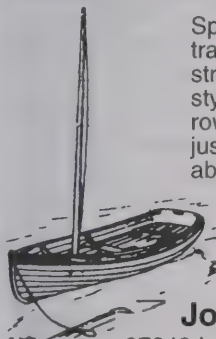
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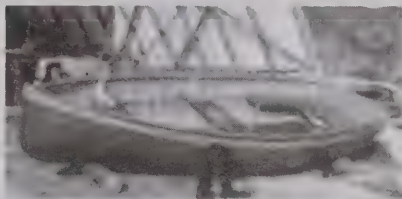
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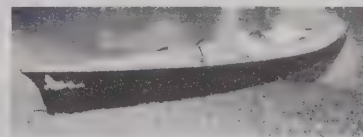
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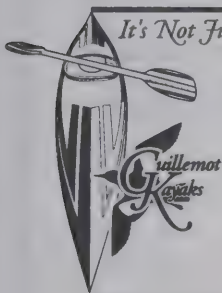
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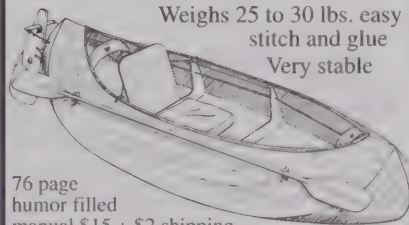
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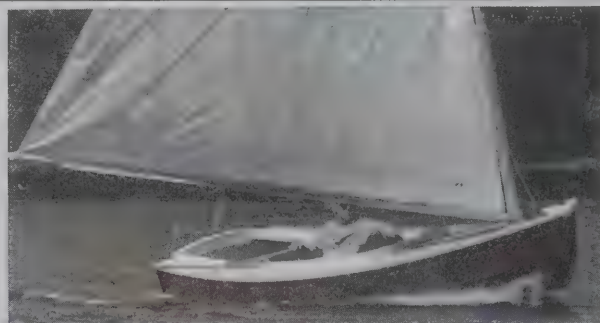


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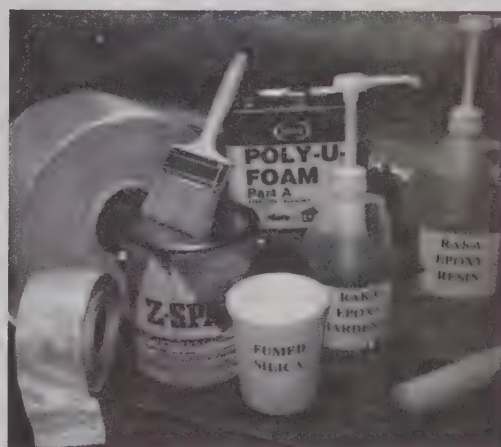
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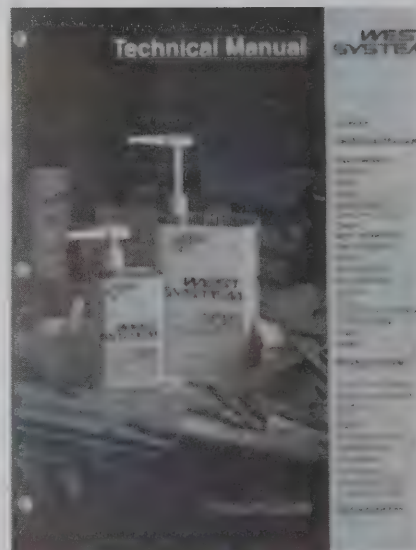
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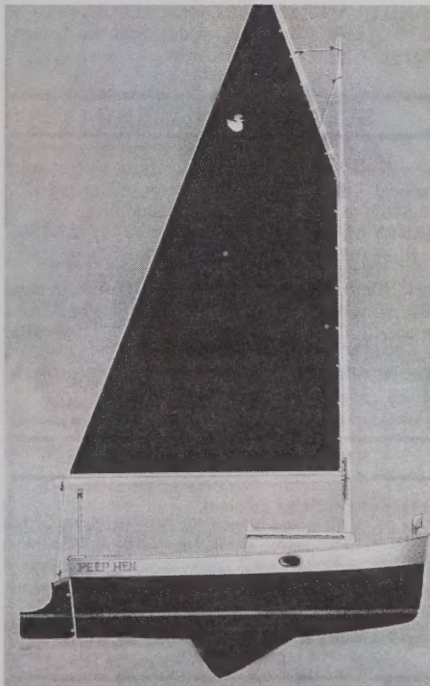
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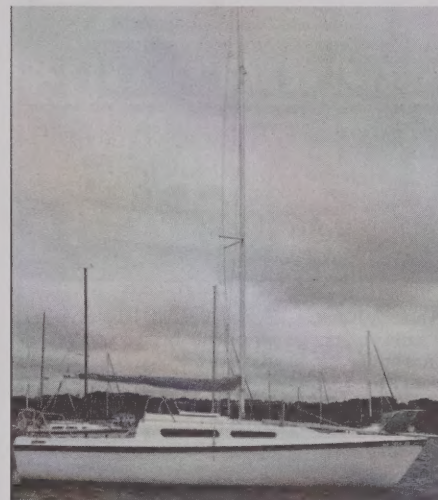
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25' MacGregor, '85 swing keel w/10hp Evinrude & trlr. Main, jib, genoa. Equipped & ready to sail away w/lots of new stuff. Mooring pd through 10/31 in Cataumet on Cape Cod. \$4,200 OBO. STEVE LAYDEN, P.O. Box 3203, Bourne, MA 02532, (508) 274-6010, <snizort@netzero.net> (12)

'74 Herreshoff America Catboat, FG, '91 15hp electr start Johnson in well, galv trlr. All around gd cond. \$6,500. ED HAMMER, Newburyport, MA, (978) 465-0736. (13)

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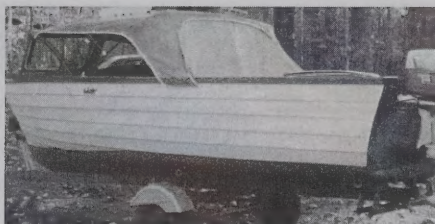
Westerly Nomad, 22', tri-keels, MD1 diesel engine, 3 sails (main, genoa on jib furler, spinnaker), Trowbridge trlr. In gd cond. Located Nantucket Island, MA. \$6,000US
FRED HEAP, Nantucket, MA, (508) 228-9904, <FFHEAP@yahoo.com> (1)



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'83 Freedom 21, shoal draft model, full batten main & staysail. '93 6hp Evinrude w/alternator. \$4,000
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W.R. COWELL, Santa Barbara, CA, (805) 563-5302, <jane@murrays.com> (12)

24' Raven Class Sloop, preferably wood.
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New Gaff Sail, for small boat. Used 1 time, sold the boat. Luff 110", foot 98", leech 182", head 52". Pd \$462, sell for \$150 plus UPS shipping.
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New Jib, dacron 5' foot, 7' leech, 10' luff, in bag, \$50. **Dinghy Leeboards**, pr. \$5. **Dinghy Mast**, spruce 12'5" x 1.75". **Boom**, 7'3" x 1.75". Both \$10. Bamboo, 9' x 3/4", 6'1" x 5/8". Free.
JOE ROGERS, 24 Wood Terr., Framingham, MA 01702, (508) 872-4206. (13)

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Sail, Mast & Boom for Woodpussy sailboat (13' catboat).
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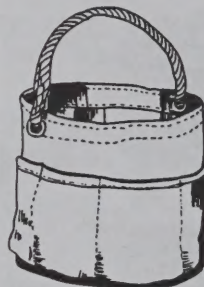
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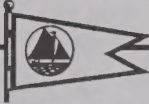
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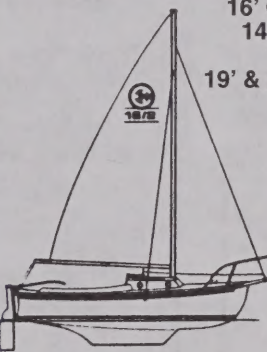
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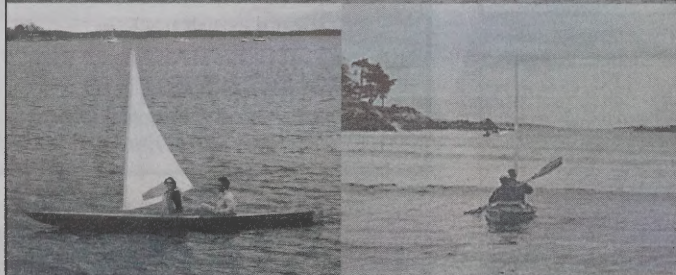
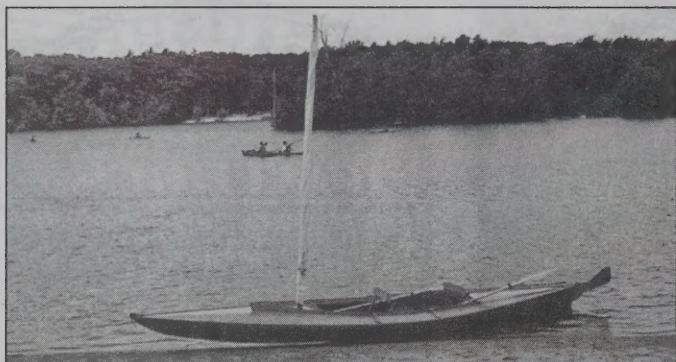
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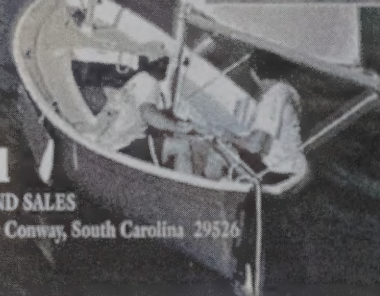
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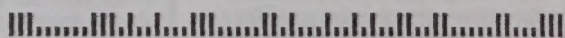
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